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
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
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PERSONAL BEAUTY,

Considered as an object ever commanding unfeigned admiration, awakens a natural solicitude for its attainment and preservation; and the Toilet becomes of increasing importance, more especially where discernment presides in the selection of those Appendages which experience has sanctioned. For this purpose

GOWLAND'S LOTION

Prefers claims to attention, founded on nearly a Century of trial, combining Elegance of Preparation with the prominent requisites of Safety and Efficacy. It has attained extensive patronage as the most congenial Remedy for all Impurities of the Skin, and as a Refresher and Sustainer of the Complexion; and preserving unimpaired an agreeable Flexibility of Softness, and Transparent quality of the Skin.

"ROBT. SHAW, LONDON,"

Is in White Letters on the Government Stamp, without which it is not genuine. Prices 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d.; Quarts 8s. 6d. Sold by all Perfumers and Medicine Vendors.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE for MAY, price 2s. 6d., contains a Paper by C. Dickens, Esq.,—The First Chapter of a New Novel, by the Editor—The Bridge of Sighs, a Poem—A Tale of Corfu, by R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.—The Monster Telescope—The Two Nightingales, by C. Mackay, Esq.—The Force of Friendship—Gideon Shaddoe—A Marriage at Heligoland—Review—Etched Thoughts, &c. &c. &c.
HENRY RENSHAW, 350, Strand, London.

R. HOWSE'S PINK CHAMPAGNE, made from the choicest Grapes of the Rhine, is equal to the finest Wines of France, and is now in splendid condition. Sold by all respectable British Wine Merchants in Town, at 27s per dozen (bottles included), and in the Country at 30s., Packages 1s. per dozen. Manufactory, 69 and 70, Strand.

HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—**POTTER'S GUANO** has been used at the Chiswick Gardens upon **FLOWERS**, &c., by Dr. LINDLEY, who pronounces it "unrivalled."—See *Gardeners' Chronicle*, Feb. 10. Sold by **SAVORY & MOORE**, 136, New Bond-street, and 220, Regent-street; **B. ELAM**, 195, Oxford-street; **WARNER'S**, 28, Cornhill; **BECK & Co.**, 67, Strand, and by most respectable Chemists and Seedsmen in Town and Country, in Quart bottles 1s. 9d. each, enough for 80 gallons of Manure.

INVENTIONS BY RICHARD HALL, Manufacturer of the Elastic Spring Ankle Boots, which require neither lacing nor buttoning, and are put on and off with the greatest ease. They support the Ankle, are admirably adapted to fit the Leg and Foot; and are manufactured for both Ladies and Gentlemen. Sole Inventor of the Pannus Corium, or Leather Cloth, for Boots and Shoes, for Tender Feet. Sole Inventor of the highly approved Elastic Enamelled Cloth, for Boots and Shoes for Tender Feet. Also, the Inventor of India Rubber Goloshes, with Soles and Linings, for which he has gained unequalled reputation. Elastic Enamelled Cloth Boots and Shoes for tender Feet; Ladies' French Shoes; all other descriptions of Boots and Shoes; India-Rubber Goloshes; India-Rubber Fishing Boots; India-Rubber Riding and Shooting Boots, made to order, and an excellent assortment of each always ready; a large Stock of Native India-Rubber Goloshes, with or without Leather Soles. 97a, Quadrant, Regent-street, and 9, Corner of Green-street and Castle-street, Leicester-sq., facing the back of the Nelson Column. Established 1833. No connection with any other House. Terms, Cash on Delivery. Ladies or Gentlemen at a distance may be fitted by sending a Boot or Shoe. Export orders executed.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

To Messrs. **ROWLAND & SON**, 20, Hatton Garden, London.

Percy Place, Llandport, Portsmouth, April 4th, 1844.

GENTLEMEN,
I think it but an act of justice to inform you of the benefit I have derived from the use of your admirable Macassar Oil. About six months ago I found my hair getting daily more weak and thin, and much discoloured from a practice I had adopted of wetting it continually; fearing that I should lose it entirely, and hearing of the efficacy of your Macassar Oil, I have for some time past constantly used it, and the result is, that my hair is now perfectly restored and much improved in appearance and colour, having become thick, dark and glossy; it also curls freely without the use of paper, which it never did before. To all my friends I have warmly recommended your Macassar Oil as an excellent restorative and preservative for the hair. As I have an objection to see my name in print, I beg you will not publish it; but you are at liberty to show this letter, or make any other use you please of it, and refer applicants to me, if necessary, in proof of the efficacy of your Macassar Oil.

Your obedient servant,

* * *
ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL preserves and reproduces the Hair; prevents it from falling off or turning Grey; Changes Grey Hair to its Original Colour; frees it from Scurf and Dandruff, and makes it beautifully soft and curly.

Ask for "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL."
* * * All others are FRAUDULENT COUNTERFEITS.

Second Edition.

WARD'S COMPANION TO EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY; being a Series of varied and interesting Experiments, (with the Theory and Rationale explained and performed), by means of SIMPLE APPARATUS. Price 8d.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers'-court; JOHN WARD, 79, Bishopsgate-street-within.

Just published, price 5s., important to Artists, Authors, and Publishers.

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IMPROVED TASTELESS APERIENT SEIDLITZ POWDERS, packed in Tin Cases, sufficient for three dozen Draughts, 2s. 6d. Warranted to keep in any climate. At **GRIFFITHS'S**, 41, Clerkenwell Green, London.

BOON'S PATENT COATS, AND LADIES' RIDING HABITS, CONSTRUCTED

ON PRINCIPLES AS DIFFERENT AND SUPERIOR TO THE OLD MODES AS STEAM POWER

IS TO THAT WHICH IT SUPERSEDES.

NO PRETENSIONS ARE MADE TO CHEAPNESS, BUT

EACH GARMENT IS OF THE MOST COSTLY TEXTURE, IMPROVING THE FIGURE, AND FITTING WITH INIMITABLE COMFORT AND GRACE, AT FAIR PRICES FOR CASH ONLY.

13, CLIFFORD STREET, BOND ST.

COLLEY, PERRUQUIER, No. 28, BISHOPSGATE-STREET WITHIN.—A Perruque should be a beautiful imposition of Art, defying the possibility of discovering, or else the object is defeated; and as the tincture of the Skin varies with the colour of the Hair, COLLEY has invented and brought to the *Ne Plus Ultra* of perfection a Perruque, so curiously constructed, as to assimilate with every form, and the complexional colours are wonderfully imitated; and the Wig is in such strict accordance with every point of the head, that the wearer is under the happy delusion of possessing luxuriance of natural hair; in fact the effect is inimitable, forming a model for the Artist, and exhibits to the astonished eye the power of Art. Colley's Hair-cutting Rooms are attended by the most skillful and fashionable practitioners, always at the command of those Ladies and Gentlemen who honour him with their patronage.

Chemical Apparatus, Pure Tests, &c.

RICHARD GRIFFIN and Co., Manufacturers and Importers of Chemical Apparatus, respectfully intimate, that their Establishment is removed to Prince of Wales Buildings, No. 40, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, where their Laboratory and Museum are at all times open to the Public. Scottish Tourists passing through Glasgow on their way to the Highlands, are invited to inspect the Apparatus, Chemical Preparations, Minerals, Models, &c., collected by the Advertisers, and forming one of the most extensive Chemical Museums in Europe.

Descriptive Priced Catalogues of Apparatus, Pure Tests, and other requisites for Chemical Analysis. Price 2s. post free.

Glasgow, April 20th, 1844.

WORSDELL'S PILLS, BY JOHN KAYE.

It is now an incontrovertible fact that

WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS,

PREPARED BY JOHN KAYE, ESQ., DALTON HALL, NEAR HUDDERSFIELD,

Have become the most extensively established Family Medicine of the present day. The high celebrity which these Pills have attained has arisen solely from the health-restoring properties which they possess. Their office is to purify the blood, drain the system of all impurities, open obstructions, free the passages for the healthy circulation of all the fluids, improve digestion, and go at once to the root of disease; thousands upon thousands have been rendered convalescent by their use; and they are allowed to be the best antidote to sickness ever discovered; and, although powerful to conquer disease, yet so harmless to the system, in their operation, that a child of a day, or an adult of a hundred years may take them alike with perfect safety. From the extraordinary effects that have followed their use, we have no hesitation in saying (fearless of contradiction), that there never was a medicine, for the short time it has been before the public, that has wrought cures so numerous and striking; and it is gratifying to the proprietor that, according as the sale increases, so is an increased amount of health and happiness diffused.

CURE OF A SEVERE STOMACH COMPLAINT.

SIR,—About two years ago I was afflicted with a very severe complaint at my stomach, with great heat and acidity, so that my throat and tongue were very much blistered, and the food I took returned in a few minutes in a very bad state, which reduced me to a condition of great weakness and debility, so that I could scarcely walk. After trying several medicines without effect, I was advised by a friend to try *Worsdell's Pills*, and after taking three doses, I felt very much relieved, and by persevering till I had taken three boxes, I was perfectly cured; and I have recommended them to all whom I have known afflicted with the same complaint, and they have never failed in effecting a cure.

MARY BOULTER,
Church Lane, Selby.

CURE OF TYPHUS AND RHEUMATIC FEVER.

MR. KAYE,—SIR,—I was laid up for seven weeks in the typhus and rheumatic fever, and had likewise a bad leg. My medical adviser tried various means, but without effect. I kept getting gradually weaker, till I and my friends began to despair of my recovery. Mr. Parker knowing me, and hearing of my sad situation, sent me a pamphlet of your Valuable Pills, which, on his recommendation, I was induced to try. I ordered my doctor to discontinue his visits, ceased using the lotion, and began simply to take the Pills at night and morning. The inflammation began to abate, the fever began to leave me, and in about four weeks I was able to go to Preston with my cart, and have been able to follow my employment ever since, and am now as well as ever I was in my life, for which I am indebted to your Vegetable Restorative Pills. I am witness to many other cures also in the neighbourhood. Desirous that this should be made known for the benefit of others, I hand you these statements to publish.

Thornley, near Preston.

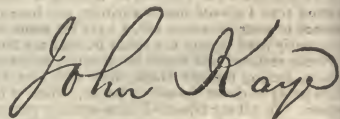
I am yours, gratefully,
THOMAS CROASDALE, Farmer.

CURE OF INFLAMMATION OF THE CHEST.

Communicated by Mr. Corin, Agent for Redruth.

WILLIAM CHESTERFIELD, of Portreath, was laid up for six months with an inflammation on the chest, followed by slow fever. He was attended by a medical man for four months, yet during that time he felt no relief whatever. At length a person recommended him to try "*Worsdell's Vegetable Pills*," and with great gratitude he told me that he had not taken them for more than three weeks before he was as well as ever he was in his life.

To prevent fraud, the Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have ordered the words *Worsdell's Pills, by John Kaye*, to be engraved on the Government Stamp, and as a further protection, purchasers are requested to observe that a fac-simile of the Proprietor's signature is printed on the direction, wrapped round each Box, without which none are genuine, and to imitate which is felony.



Sold in London, at the Dépôt, 44, Coleman-street; also by Hannay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; Hallett 83, High Holborn; Johnstone, 68, Cornhill; Brittain, 11, Paternoster-row; King, 232, Blackfriars' road; Dordoy and Co., 38, Blackman-street. Southwark; Pratt and Co., 29, Little Newport-street. Metcalfe, 16, Crown-street, Walworth-road; Eade, 39, Goswell-street.

Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per Box.

For the convenience of those who cannot obtain the Pills in their immediate neighbourhood, we send by post, free of expense, a single Box on receiving 14 Penny Postage Stamps; or the large Box, on receipt of 2s. 9d. in Stamps. Address KAYE'S WHOLESALE DEPÔT, 44, Coleman-street, near the Bank, London.

CASTOR OIL.—H. TAYLOR,

Chemist, 10, Pall-mall, London, has prepared Castor Oil in a concentrated form, inclosed in Capsules of Gelatine; by which the disagreeable taste of this medicine is entirely avoided. Each Capsule is equal to a dessert-spoonful of Castor Oil. These are sold in boxes, containing twenty-four, at 2s. 6d. each, and can be procured of all respectable Chemists throughout the Kingdom.

EASE AND COMFORT IN SHAVING.

MESSRS. B. and S. COWVAN'S

invaluable CANTON-STROP, or QUADRILATERAL CHINESE RAZOR SHARPENER, renders the operation of shaving no longer painful to the most tender skin. By a very simple process the keenest edge may speedily be given to the bluntest razor or penknife. B. and S. Cowvan's peculiarly tempered Razors and Shaving Powder. Specimens of the Strops are now exhibiting at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and the Royal Adelaide Gallery, Lowther Arcade, from whence the most flattering certificates have been sent, which may be seen at the inventors', B. and S. Cowvan, No. 164, Fenchurch-street, where the Strops, &c., may be obtained, as well as of all respectable perfumers, &c., in the United Kingdom, price 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 9s. 6d.; also may be had, Cowvan's Canton Razor Strop Paste, at 6d. and 1s. per packet. The Shaving Powder, 1s. 6d. per box.

CAUTION.—None are genuine except those marked and spelt "B. and S. COWVAN."

H. Walkers Needles

H. WALKER'S

NEEDLES (by authority the "Queen's Own," with the new large eyes, are easily threaded, even by blind persons,) and work with great ease having improved points, temper, and finish; they are made of every length or substance, and for every purpose: the labels are correct



likenesses of Her Majesty, and his R. H. Prince Albert in relief on coloured grounds. They can be sent free by post, by any respectable dealer, on receipt of 13 penny stamps for every shilling value. H. Walker's Books and Eyes, Fish-hooks, Steel Pins, &c. are recommended.

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Manufacturers to the Queen, 20, Maiden Lane, Wood Street, London.

THE CAUSE OF BALDNESS DISCOVERED, AND A COMPLETE REMEDY AND PREVENTIVE FOUND!!

AFTER TWENTY YEARS'

close attention to the Hair, EDWARD GRIFFIN has proved that Baldness is occasioned by the disease called Scurf, which attacks the roots, and persons inclined to make their own observations will find,

- 1st, that the scurf is first seen at that part of the head where the Hair is getting thinner, or falls off.
- 2d, that when the top of the head is thickly covered with Scurf, the lower parts will be entirely free.
- 3d, that after the head is Bald, the Scurf leaves it altogether.

EDWARD GRIFFIN, therefore, having these two years discovered a complete preventive to Scurf, has succeeded in preventing Baldness, which is always preceded by it, and offers his AFRICAN BALM as one of the most innocent of all applications—an article which softens and nourishes the Hair, and from its medicinal properties, not only a certain preventive to Scurf, but also the very best article that can be used by those who are troubled with it, and who, by promptly applying the BALM, will prevent the Hair falling.

In an age when deceptions of all kinds are practised by empirics, there might be some difficulty in inspiring the public with confidence; but E. GRIFFIN guarantees the effect to be so speedy, as to establish the efficacy of his AFRICAN BALM in a few days.

Prepared and sold by E. GRIFFIN, Hair Cutter, 192, Strand, London. Price, 2s. 6d., and in Stopped Bottles, 5s. 6d. and 6s. Country Agents to be supplied by the regular wholesale houses: private persons may obtain a supply by a post-office order, or, by sending as many letter-stamps, will have it immediately forwarded, free of cost.

Sold by the following Agents:—Mr. Clements, Henly-on-Thames; Mr. Chubb, Speenhamland, Berks; Mr. Lee, Grantham, Lincolnshire.

COMFORT IN A NIGHT-CAP!—

Gentlemen often complain of their inability to keep their caps on all night, which renders them liable to colds, deranges and is injurious to their hair, and soils the pillow. POWELL'S TEMPLER CAP (registered Act 6 and 7 Vic., No. 30), obviates these objections, keeps on during the night, keeps the hair smooth, and being uniform in substance, dispenses with the wad or roll occasioned by first pulling down and then turning up the old night-cap—confessedly the ugliest article a man wears. The Templer Cap is fashioned from the coolest to the warmest material, and will prove an acquisition in travelling, to invalids, and to those who wear wigs or who have lost their hair. Half-a-dozen franked to any part of the kingdom on receipt of a Post-office order for 7s. 6d.; for stout quality, 10s. 6d.; for medium, 13s. 6d.; and for fine, or single caps, 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.; also in silk in great variety, from 5s. to 15s. The size of the head should be sent, measured round the forehead, and round the head, and under the chin. Exchanged if not approved.

Sold at the old-established Hosiery, Glove, and Slirt Warehouse, and Depot de Mode et d'Utilité, 102, New Bond-street.

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NOMETER, WATCH, and CLOCK MAKER, 4, ST. MICHAEL'S ALLEY, CORNHILL, INVENTOR OF AN IMPROVED COMPENSATION BALANCE FOR CHRONOMETERS, &c.

J. P. begs to inform his friends and the public in general that all Chronometers, Watches, and Clocks sold by him are manufactured under his immediate superintendence on the premises, and are all adjusted by himself, thereby affording to the public a guarantee that nothing inferior will be sold at his establishment. J. P. having been for many years engaged in the manufacturing department, and thereby having acquired a thorough knowledge of every branch of the business, has the advantage over many houses, where the principals are almost or altogether unacquainted with the practice.

N.B. Chronometers, Watches, and Clocks of every description cleaned and repaired.

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LADIES' GOLD NECK CHAINS.

—THOMAS WEST, Working Goldsmith and Jeweller, No. 18, Ludgate-street, next to St. Paul's, has just finished a large stock of the very best (warranted London-made) LADIES' GOLD NECK and GUARD CHAINS, at the following low prices:—

For Plain Patterns.

Same weight as three sovereigns	£4 4 0
Ditto ditto four sovereigns	5 5 0
Ditto ditto six sovereigns	7 7 0

The very newest Link (various patterns).

Same weight as five sovereigns	£7 7 0
Ditto ditto seven sovereigns	9 9 0
Ditto ditto nine sovereigns	11 11 0

These are the weights usually sold, but chains can be had of any weight at the same prices, and of either 45 or 54 inches in length.—T. WEST, 18, Ludgate-street.—Established 50 years.

CHUBB'S NEW PATENT DE-

TECTOR LOCKS give perfect security from false Keys and Picklocks, and also give immediate notice of any attempt to open them.

Chubb's Patent Fireproof Safes, Chests, and Boxes, form a complete security for Money, Deeds, Plate, Books, &c., from Fire and Thieves. Cash Boxes, Despatch Boxes, and Japan Boxes of all dimensions on sale.

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LINDLEY'S PATENT COFFIN.

TO UNDERTAKERS.

THE Patentee earnestly solicits the

attention of the Scientific, and the Public in general, to this new and valuable invention, which possesses, in an eminent degree, superiority over the present style of Coffin. Besides other important advantages, it effectually prevents any effluvia, and, consequently, removes all chances of danger arising from epidemic, fevers, or other contagious diseases.

Specimens may be seen at LINDLEY, BROTHERS, Upholsterers and Undertakers, 1, Brook Street, Bond Street.



ability, are the recommendations of these articles; they never draw the feet, and are softer, easier, lighter, and more elastic than any other Boots and shoes. The Spring Boots are much approved, they supersede lacing and buttoning and are a great support to the ankle. Also, the much approved Patent India Rubber Waterproof Goshes, and H. & Co.'s portable Waterproof Dresses for Gentlemen, 24s. the Suit; Ladies' Cardinal Cloaks, 18s.; they can be carried in the pocket with convenience.

49, LOMBARD STREET. ESTD. 1784

LADIES' ELEGANT RIDING HABITS.

Summer Cloth	£3	3	0
Ladies' Cloth	4	4	0
Saxony Cloth	5	5	0

GENTLEMAN'S

Superfine Dress Coat	2	7	6
Extra Saxony, the best that is made	2	15	0
Superfine Frock Coat, silk facings	2	10	0
Buckskin Trousers	1	1	0
Cloth or double-milled Casimere ditto	1	5	0
New Patterns, Summer Trousers, 10s. 6d. per pr. or 3 pr.	1	10	0
Summer Waistcoats, 7s.; or 3	1	0	0
Splendid Silk Valencia Dress Waistcoats, 10s. 6d. each, or 3	1	10	0



FIRST-RATE BOYS' CLOTHING

Skeleton Dresses	£0	15
Tunic and Hussar Suits	1	0
Camlet Cloaks	0	8
Cloth Cloaks	0	15

GENTLEMAN'S

Morning Coats and Dressing Gowns	0	18
Petersham Great Coats and Pilot P Jackets, bound, and Velveteen Collar	1	10
Camlet Cloak, lined all through	1	10
Cloth Opera Cloak	1	10
Army Cloth Blue Spanish Cloak, 9½ yards round	2	10
Super Cloth ditto	3	3
Cloth or Tweed Fishing or Travelling Trousers	2	19

THE CELEBRITY THE

CITY CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT

Has so many years maintained, being the

BEST AS WELL AS THE CHEAPEST HOUSE,

Renders any Assurance as to STYLE and QUALITY unnecessary. The NOBILITY and GENTRY are invited to the SHOW-ROOMS, TO VIEW THE IMMENSE & SPLENDID STOCK.

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Have induced E. P. D. & SON to make ample Arrangements for an extensive Business in this particular Branch: a perusal of their List of Prices (which can be had gratis) will show the EXORBITANT CHARGES to which OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY HAVE SO LONG BEEN SUBJECTED.

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Originated by E. P. D. & SON, are universally adopted by CLERGYMEN and PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN, as being MORE REGULAR and ECONOMICAL. THE PRICES ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED:—

Two Suits per Year, Superfine	7	7—Extra Saxony, the best that is made	8	5
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(THE OLD SUITS TO BE RETURNED.)

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Preferring their Clothes Fashionably made, at a FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE, are respectfully informed, that by a Post-paid Application, they will receive a Prospectus explanatory of the System of Business, Directions for Measurement, and a Statement of Prices. Or if Three or Four Gentlemen unite, one of the Travellers will be dispatched immediately to wait on them.

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Footman's Suit of Liveries, £3 3. Scarlet Hunting Coat, £3 3

E. P. DOUDNEY AND SON,

49, LOMBARD-STREET. 1784

Established



THE PATENT BRANDY.

BETTS AND CO., PATENT BRANDY DISTILLERS, No. 7, SMITHFIELD BARS,

Have placed the produce of this country, *the grain grown upon British soil, and malted and distilled by native industry, upon an equality with the produce and skill of the Continent.*

Their PALE and COLOURED PATENT BRANDY is a pure, wholesome, and palatable spirit; free from acid; and equal in quality to the best Cognac, at about half the price.

It is prescribed by the highest Medical Authorities, at Guy's, St. George's, and the Westminster Hospitals; and at other principal Hospitals and Infirmarys, throughout the kingdom.

Quantities of not less than Two Gallons, in stone jars at 18s. per Gallon, jars excluded; and in bottles, six to the Gallon, at 20s. per Gallon, (or 3s. 6d. per bottle), the bottles and packages included.

A single bottle may be had from the most respectable dealers in town and country, of whose names lists may be obtained from the Patentees.

To prevent fraud, every bottle has the cork and mouth secured by the *Patent Metallic Capsules*, (not Tin Foil,) embossed with the words "BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY, 7, SMITHFIELD BARS."

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PERSONS of any Age, however bad their WRITING, may, in Eight Lessons, acquire permanently an elegant and flowing style of Penmanship, adapted either to professional pursuits or private correspondence. Arithmetic on a method requiring only one-third the time and mental labour usually requisite. Book-keeping as practised in the Government, Banking, and Merchants' offices. Short hand, &c.

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ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY FOR THE TABLE.

WATSON'S ALBATA PLATE.

CAKE BASKET.



Chased 35s. Plain 30s.

its introduction. C. W. unlike this party, courts comparison, feeling confident that the result will establish its pre-
ence. Entire Services of Plate Purchased.

WATSON'S NEW ALBATA PLATE,

41, & 42, BARBICAN, CORNER OF PRINCES STREET,

Five minutes walk from General Post Office,

AND AT 16, NORTON FOLGATE, BISHOPSGATE,

Fifty Doors from the Eastern Counties Railway.

SILVER SUPERSEDED, and those corrosive and injurious metals, called, Nickel and German Silver, supplanted by the introduction of a new, and perfectly matchless ALBATA PLATE. C. WATSON, aided by a person of Science, in the amalgamation of Metals, has succeeded in bringing to Public Notice, the most beautiful Article ever yet offered; possessing all the richness of Silver in appearance—with all its durability and hardness—with its perfect sweetness in use—undergoing as it does, a Chemical Process, by which, all that is nauseous in mixed Metals is entirely extracted—resisting all Acids—may be cleaned as silver, and is Manufactured into every Article for the Table and Sideboard.

C. WATSON begs the Public will understand that this Metal is peculiarly his own and that Silver is not more different from Gold, than his Metal is from all other the Public will therefore have no difficulty in discovering the animus which corrects the virulent attacks made against him, by a party who is daily suffering from the unparalleled success which has marked the progress of his New Plate.

Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle	Threaded	Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle	Threaded.
Table Spoons.....	16 6 doz.	1 1 0 doz.	1 10 0 doz.	Egg Spoons	7 0 doz.	15 0 Gilt	24 0 Gilt
" Forks	16 6 "	1 1 0 "	1 10 0 "	Gravy "	3 6 ea.	4 6 ea.	7 6 ea.
Dessert Spoons.....	12 6 "	16 6 "	1 5 0 "	Sauce Ladles.....	1 9 "	2 3 "	3 9 "
" Forks	12 6 "	16 6 "	1 5 0 "	Soup	6 6 "	8 0 "	11 0 "
Tea Spoons	5 6 "	8 0 "	13 6 "	Sugar Tongs.....	1 3 "	1 9 "	3 0 "
Salt Ditto	6 0 "	12 0 Gilt	18 0 gilt,	Fish Knives	5 6 "	8 6 "	12 6 "
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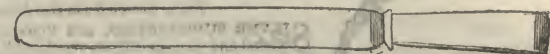
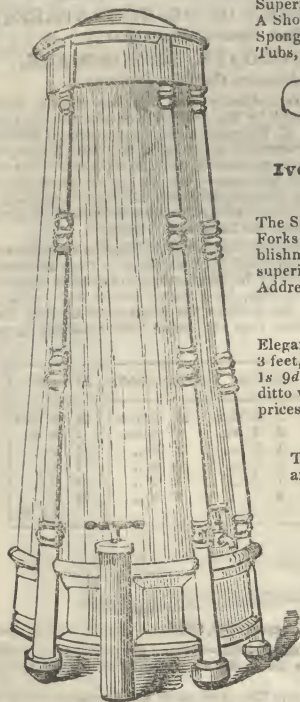
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Mrs. Gamp makes tea.

CHAPTER XLV.

IN WHICH TOM PINCH AND HIS SISTER TAKE A LITTLE PLEASURE ; BUT QUITE IN A DOMESTIC WAY, AND WITH NO CEREMONY ABOUT IT.

TOM PINCH and his sister having to part, for the dispatch of the morning's business, immediately after the dispersion of the other actors in the scene upon the Wharf with which the reader has been already made acquainted, had no opportunity of discussing the subject at that time. But Tom, in his solitary office, and Ruth, in the triangular parlour, thought about nothing else all day ; and, when their hour of meeting in the afternoon approached, they were very full of it, to be sure.

There was a little plot between them, that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way ; and that was, past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court, he was just to glance down the steps leading into Garden Court, and to look once all round him ; and if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her ; not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain, and beat it all to nothing. For, fifty to one, Tom had been looking for her in the wrong direction, and had quite given her up, while she had been tripping towards him from the first : jingling that little reticule of hers (with all the keys in it) to attract his wandering observation.

Whether there was life enough left in the slow vegetation of Fountain Court for the smoky shrubs to have any consciousness of the brightest and purest-hearted little woman in the world, is a question for gardeners, and those who are learned in the loves of plants. But, that it was a good thing for that same paved yard to have such a delicate little figure flitting through it ; that it passed like a smile from the grimy old houses, and the worn flagstones, and left them duller, darker, sterner than before ; there is no sort of doubt. The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood, that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dry and dusty channels of the Law ; the chirping sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks, as so fresh a little creature passed ; the dingy boughs, unused to droop, otherwise than in their puny growth, might have bent down in a kindred gracefulness, to shed their benedictions on her graceful head ; old love letters, shut up in iron boxes in the neighbouring offices, and made of no account among the heaps of family papers into which they had strayed, and of which, in their degeneracy, they formed a part, might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness, as she went lightly by. Anything might have happened that did not happen, and never will, for the love of Ruth.

Something happened, too, upon the afternoon of which the history

treats. Not for her love. Oh no ! quite by accident, and without the least reference to her at all.

Either she was a little too soon, or Tom was a little too late—she was so precise in general, that she timed it to half a minute—but no Tom was there. Well ! But was anybody else there, that she blushed so deeply, after looking round, and tripped off down the steps with such unusual expedition ?

Why, the fact is, that Mr. Westlock was passing at that moment. The Temple is a public thoroughfare ; they may write up on the gates that it is not, but so long as the gates are left open it is, and will be ; and Mr. Westlock had as good a right to be there as anybody else. But why did she run away, then ? Not being ill dressed, for she was much too neat for that, why did she run away ? The brown hair that had fallen down beneath her bonnet, and had one impertinent imp of a false flower clinging to it, boastful of its license before all men, *that* could not have been the cause, for it looked charming. Oh ! foolish, panting, frightened little heart, why did she run away !

Merrily the tiny fountain played, and merrily the dimples sparkled on its sunny face. John Westlock hurried after her. Softly the whispering water broke and fell ; and roguishly the dimples twinkled ; as he stole upon her footsteps.

Oh, foolish, panting, timid little heart, why did she feign to be unconscious of his coming ! Why wish herself so far away, yet be so flutteringly happy there !

"I felt sure it was you," said John, when he overtook her, in the sanctuary of Garden Court. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken."

She was *so* surprised.

"You are waiting for your brother," said John. "Let me bear you company."

So light was the touch of the coy little hand, that he glanced down to assure himself he had it on his arm. But his glance, stopping for an instant at the bright eyes, forgot its first design, and went no farther.

They walked up and down three or four times, speaking about Tom and his mysterious employment. Now that was a very natural and innocent subject, surely. Then why, whenever Ruth lifted up her eyes, did she let them fall again immediately, and seek the uncongenial pavement of the court ? They were not such eyes as shun the light ; they were not such eyes as require to be hoarded to enhance their value. They were much too precious and too genuine to stand in need of arts like those. Somebody must have been looking at them !

They found out Tom, though, quickly enough. This pair of eyes descried him in the distance, the moment he appeared. He was staring about him, as usual, in all directions but the right one ; and was as obstinate in not looking towards them, as if he had intended it. As it was plain that, being left to himself, he would walk away home, John Westlock darted off to stop him.

This made the approach of poor little Ruth, by herself, one of the most embarrassing of circumstances. There was Tom, manifesting extreme surprise (he had no presence of mind, that Tom, on small occa-

sions); there was John, making as light of it as he could, but explaining at the same time, with most unnecessary elaboration; and here was she, coming towards them, with both of them looking at her, conscious of blushing to a terrible extent, but trying to throw up her eyebrows carelessly, and pout her rosy lips, as if she were the coolest and most unconcerned of little women.

Merrily the fountain plashed and plashed, until the dimples, merging into one another, swelled into a general smile, that covered the whole surface of the basin.

"What an extraordinary meeting!" said Tom. "I should never have dreamed of seeing you two together, here."

"Quite accidental," John was heard to murmur.

"Exactly," cried Tom; "that's what I mean, you know. If it wasn't accidental, there would be nothing remarkable in it."

"To be sure," said John.

"Such an out-of-the-way place for you to have met in," pursued Tom, quite delighted. "Such an unlikely spot!"

John rather disputed that. On the contrary, he considered it a very likely spot, indeed. He was constantly passing to and fro there, he said. He shouldn't wonder if it were to happen again. His only wonder was, that it had never happened before.

By this time Ruth had got round on the further side of her brother, and had taken his arm. She was squeezing it now, as much as to say, "Are you going to stop here all day, you dear, old, blundering Tom?"

Tom answered the squeeze as if it had been a speech. "John," he said, "if you'll give my sister your arm, we'll take her between us, and walk on. I have a curious circumstance to relate to you. Our meeting could not have happened better."

Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim, and vanished.

"Tom," said his friend, as they turned into the noisy street, "I have a proposition to make. It is, that you and your sister—if she will so far honour a poor bachelor's dwelling—give me a great pleasure, and come and dine with me."

"What, to-day?" cried Tom.

"Yes, to-day. It's close by, you know. Pray, Miss Pinch, insist upon it. It will be very disinterested, for I have nothing to give you."

"Oh! you must not believe that, Ruth," said Tom. "He is the most tremendous fellow, in his housekeeping, that I ever heard of, for a single man. He ought to be Lord Mayor. Well! what do you say? Shall we go?"

"If you please, Tom," rejoined his dutiful little sister.

"But I mean," said Tom, regarding her with smiling admiration: "is there anything you ought to wear, and haven't got? I am sure I don't know, John: she may not be able to take her bonnet off, for anything I can tell."

There was a great deal of laughing at this, and there were divers compliments from John Westlock—not compliments, *he* said at least

(and really he was right), but good, plain, honest truths, which no one could deny. Ruth laughed, and all that, but she made no objection ; so it was an engagement.

"If I had known it a little sooner," said John, "I would have tried another pudding. Not in rivalry ; but merely to exalt that famous one. I wouldn't on any account have had it made with suet."

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"Because that cookery book advises suet," said John Westlock ; "and our's was made with flour and eggs."

"Oh good gracious !" cried Tom. "Our's was made with flour and eggs, was it ? Ha, ha, ha ! A beefsteak pudding made with flour and eggs ! Why anybody knows better than that. I know better than that ! Ha, ha, ha !"

It is unnecessary to say that Tom had been present at the making of the pudding, and had been a devoted believer in it all through. But he was so delighted to have this joke against his busy little sister, and was tickled to that degree at having found her out, that he stopped in Temple Bar to laugh ; and it was no more to Tom, that he was anathematized and knocked about by the surly passengers, than it would have been to a post ; for he continued to exclaim with unabated good humour, "flour and eggs ! a beefsteak pudding made with flour and eggs !" until John Westlock and his sister fairly ran away from him, and left him to have his laugh out by himself ; which he had ; and then came dodging across the crowded street to them, with such sweet temper and tenderness (it was quite a tender joke of Tom's) beaming in his face, God bless it, that it might have purified the air, though Temple Bar had been, as in the golden days gone by, embellished with a row of rotting human heads.

There are snug chambers in those Inns where the bachelors live, and, for the desolate fellows they pretend to be, it is quite surprising how well they get on. John was very pathetic on the subject of his dreary life, and the deplorable make-shifts and apologetic contrivances it involved ; but he really seemed to make himself pretty comfortable. His rooms were the perfection of neatness and convenience at any rate ; and if he were anything but comfortable, the fault was certainly not theirs.

He had no sooner ushered Tom and his sister into his best room (where there was a beautiful little vase of fresh flowers on the table, all ready for Ruth. Just as if he had expected her, Tom said), than seizing his hat, he bustled out again, in his most energetically bustling way ; and presently came hurrying back, as they saw through the half-opened door, attended by a fiery-faced matron attired in a crunched bonnet, with particularly long strings to it hanging down her back ; in conjunction with whom, he instantly began to lay the cloth for dinner, polishing up the wine glasses with his own hands, brightening the silver top of the pepper-caster on his coat-sleeve, drawing corks and filling decanters, with a skill and expedition that were quite dazzling. And as if, in the course of this rubbing and polishing, he had rubbed an enchanted lamp or a magic ring, obedient to which there were twenty thousand supernatural slaves at least, suddenly there appeared a being in a white waistcoat,

carrying under his arm a napkin, and attended by another being with an oblong box upon his head, from which a banquet, piping hot, was taken out and set upon the table.

Salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumber, a tender duckling, and a tart—all there. They all came at the right time. Where they came from didn't appear ; but the oblong box was constantly going and coming, and making its arrival known to the man in the white waistcoat by bumping modestly against the outside of the door ; for, after its first appearance, it entered the room no more. He was never surprised, this man ; he never seemed to wonder at the extraordinary things he found in the box ; but took them out with a face expressive of a steady purpose and impenetrable character, and put them on the table. He was a kind man ; gentle in his manners, and much interested in what they ate and drank. He was a learned man, and knew the flavour of John Westlock's private sauces, which he softly and feelingly described, as he handed the little bottles round. He was a grave man, and a noiseless ; for dinner being done, and wine and fruit arranged upon the board, he vanished, box and all, like something that had never been.

"Didn't I say he was a tremendous fellow in his housekeeping ?" cried Tom. "Bless my soul ! It's wonderful."

"Ah, Miss Pinch," said John. "This is the bright side of the life we lead in such a place. It would be a dismal life, indeed, if it didn't brighten up to-day."

"Don't believe a word he says," cried Tom. "He lives here like a monarch, and wouldn't change his mode of life for any consideration. He only pretends to grumble."

No, John really did not appear to pretend ; for he was uncommonly earnest in his desire to have it understood, that he was as dull, solitary, and uncomfortable on ordinary occasions as an unfortunate young man could, in reason, be. It was a wretched life, he said ; a miserable life. He thought of getting rid of the chambers as soon as possible ; and meant, in fact, to put a bill up very shortly.

"Well !" said Tom Pinch, "I don't know where you can go, John, to be more comfortable. That's all I can say. What do *you* say, Ruth ?"

Ruth trifled with the cherries on her plate, and said that she thought Mr. Westlock ought to be quite happy, and that she had no doubt he was.

Ah, foolish, panting, frightened little heart, how timidly she said it !

"But you are forgetting what you had to tell, Tom : what occurred this morning," she added in the same breath.

"So I am," said Tom. "We have been so talkative on other topics, that I declare I have not had time to think of it. I'll tell it you at once, John, in case I should forget it altogether."

On Tom's relating what had passed upon the wharf, his friend was very much surprised, and took such a great interest in the narrative as Tom could not quite understand. He believed he knew the old lady whose acquaintance they had made, he said ; and that he might venture

to say, from their description of her, that her name was Gamp. But of what nature the communication could have been which Tom had borne so unexpectedly ; why its delivery had been entrusted to him ; how it happened that the parties were involved together ; and what secret lay at the bottom of the whole affair ; perplexed him very much. Tom had been sure of his taking some interest in the matter ; but was not prepared for the strong interest he shewed. It held John Westlock to the subject, even after Ruth had left the room ; and evidently made him anxious to pursue it further than as a mere subject of conversation.

"I shall remonstrate with my landlord, of course," said Tom : "though he is a very singular secret sort of man, and not likely to afford me much satisfaction ; even if he knew what was in the letter."

"Which you may swear he did," John interposed.

"You think so ?"

"I am certain of it."

"Well !" said Tom, "I shall remonstrate with him when I see him (he goes in and out in a strange way, but I will try to catch him to-morrow morning), on his having asked me to execute such an unpleasant commission. And I have been thinking, John, that if I went down to Mrs. What's-her-name's in the City, where I was before, you know—Mrs. Todgers's—to-morrow morning, I might find poor Mercy Pecksniff there, perhaps, and be able to explain to her how I came to have any hand in the business."

"You are perfectly right, Tom," returned his friend, after a short interval of reflection. "You cannot do better. It is quite clear to me that whatever the business is, there is little good in it ; and it is so desirable for you to disentangle yourself from any appearance of wilful connection with it, that I would counsel you to see her husband, if you can, and wash your hands of it, by a plain statement of the facts. I have a misgiving that there is something dark at work here, Tom. I will tell you why, at another time : when I have made an inquiry or two myself."

All this sounded very mysterious to Tom Pinch. But as he knew he could rely upon his friend, he resolved to follow this advice.

Ah, but it would have been a good thing to have had a coat of invisibility, wherein to have watched little Ruth, when she was left to herself in John Westlock's chambers, and John and her brother were talking thus, over their wine ! The gentle way in which she tried to get up a little conversation with the fiery-faced matron in the crunched bonnet, who was waiting to attend her : after making a desperate rally in regard of her dress, and attiring herself in a washed-out yellow gown with sprigs of the same upon it, so that it looked like a tessellated work of pats of butter. That would have been pleasant. The grim and griffin-like inflexibility with which the fiery-faced matron repelled these engaging advances, as proceeding from a hostile and dangerous power, who could have no business there, unless it were to deprive her of a customer, or suggest what became of the self-consuming tea and sugar, and other general trifles. That would have been agreeable. The bashful, winning, glorious curiosity, with which little Ruth, when fiery-face was

gone, peeped into the books and nick-nacks that were lying about, and had a particular interest in some delicate paper-matches on the chimney-piece : wondering who could have made them. That would have been worth seeing. The faltering hand with which she tied those flowers together ; with which, almost blushing at her own fair self as imaged in the glass, she arranged them in her breast, and looking at them with her head aside, now half resolved to take them out again, now half resolved to leave them where they were. That would have been delightful !

John seemed to think it all delightful : for coming in with Tom to tea, he took his seat beside her like a man enchanted. And when the tea-service had been removed, and Tom, sitting down at the piano, became absorbed in some of his old organ tunes, he was still beside her at the open window, looking out upon the twilight.

There is little enough to see, in Furnival's Inn. It is a shady, quiet place, echoing to the footsteps of the stragglers who have business there ; and rather monotonous and gloomy on summer evenings. What gave it such a charm to them, that they remained at the window as unconscious of the flight of time as Tom himself, the dreamer, while the melodies which had so often soothed his spirit, were hovering again about him ! What power infused into the fading light, the gathering darkness ; the stars that here and there appeared ; the evening air, the city's hum and stir, the very chiming of the old church clocks ; such exquisite enthrallment, that the divinest regions of the earth spread out before their eyes could not have held them captive in a stronger chain !

The shadows deepened ; deepened ; and the room became quite dark. Still Tom's fingers wandered over the keys of the piano ; and still the window had its pair of tenants.

At length, her hand upon his shoulder, and her breath upon his forehead, roused Tom from his reverie.

"Dear me !" he cried, desisting with a start. "I am afraid I have been very inconsiderate and unpolite."

Tom little thought how much consideration and politeness he had shown !

"Sing something to us, my dear," said Tom. "Let us hear your voice. Come !"

John Westlock added his entreaties, with such earnestness that a flinty heart alone could have resisted them. Her's was not a flinty heart. Oh dear no ! Quite another thing.

So down she sat, and in a pleasant voice began to sing the ballads Tom loved well. Old rhyming stories, with here and there a pause for a few simple chords, such as a harper might have sounded in the ancient time while looking upward for the current of some half-remembered legend ; words of old poets, wedded to such measures that the strain of music might have been the poet's breath, giving utterance and expression to his thoughts ; and now a melody so joyous and light-hearted, that the singer seemed incapable of sadness, until in her inconstancy (oh wicked little singer !) she relapsed, and broke the listeners' hearts again :

these were the simple means she used to please them. And that these simple means prevailed, and she *did* please them, let the still darkened chamber, and its long-deferred illumination witness!

The candles came at last, and it was time for moving homeward. Cutting paper carefully, and rolling it about the stalks of these same flowers, occasioned some delay; but even this was done in time, and Ruth was ready.

"Good night!" said Tom. "A memorable and delightful visit, John! Good night!"

John thought he would walk with them.

"No, no. Don't!" said Tom. "What nonsense! We can get home very well alone. I couldn't think of taking you out."

But John said he would rather.

"Are you sure you would rather?" said Tom. "I am afraid you only say so out of politeness."

John being quite sure, gave his arm to Ruth, and led her out. Fiery-face, who was again in attendance, acknowledged her departure with so cold a curtesy that it was hardly visible; and cut Tom, dead.

Their host was bent on walking the whole distance, and would not listen to Tom's dissuasions. Happy time, happy walk, happy parting, happy dreams! But there are some sweet day-dreams, so there are, that put the visions of the night to shame.

Busily the Temple fountain murmured in the moonlight, while Ruth lay sleeping with her flowers beside her; and John Westlock sketched a portrait—whose?—from memory.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN WHICH MISS PECKSNIFF MAKES LOVE, MR. JONAS MAKES WRATH,
MRS. CAMP MAKES TEA, AND MR. CHUFFEY MAKES BUSINESS.

On the next day's official duties coming to a close, Tom hurried home without losing any time by the way; and, after dinner and a short rest, sallied out again, accompanied by Ruth, to pay his projected visit to Todgers's. Tom took Ruth with him, not only because it was a great pleasure to him to have her for his companion whenever he could, but because he wished her to cherish and comfort poor Merry; which she, for her own part (having heard the wretched history of that young wife from Tom), was all eagerness to do.

"She was so glad to see me," said Tom, "that I am sure she will be glad to see you. Your sympathy is certain to be much more delicate and acceptable than mine."

"I am very far from being certain of that, Tom," she replied; "and indeed you do yourself an injustice. Indeed you do. But I hope she may like me, Tom."

"Oh, she is sure to do that!" cried Tom, confidently.

"What a number of friends I should have, if everybody was of your

way of thinking. Shouldn't I, Tom, dear?" said his little sister, pinching him upon the cheek.

Tom laughed, and said that with reference to this particular case he had no doubt at all of finding a disciple in Merry. "For you women," said Tom, "you women, my dear, are so kind, and in your kindness have such nice perception; you know so well how to be affectionate and full of solicitude without appearing to be; your gentleness of feeling is like your touch: so light and easy, that the one enables you to deal with wounds of the mind as tenderly as the other enables you to deal with wounds of the body. You are such——"

"My goodness, Tom!" his sister interposed. "You ought to fall in love immediately."

Tom put this observation off good-humouredly, but somewhat gravely too; and they were soon very chatty again on some other subject.

As they were passing through a street in the City, not very far from Mrs. Todgers's place of residence, Ruth checked Tom before the window of a large Upholstery and Furniture Warehouse, to call his attention to something very magnificent and ingenious, displayed there to the best advantage, for the admiration and temptation of the public. Tom had hazarded some most erroneous and extravagantly wrong guess in relation to the price of this article, and had joined his sister in laughing heartily at his mistake, when he pressed her arm in his, and pointed to two persons at a little distance, who were looking in at the same window with a deep interest in the chests of drawers and tables.

"Hush!" Tom whispered. "Miss Pecksniff, and the young gentleman to whom she is going to be married."

"Why does he look as if he was going to be buried, Tom?" inquired his little sister.

"Why, he is naturally a dismal young gentleman, I believe," said Tom: "but he is very civil and inoffensive."

"I suppose they are furnishing their house," whispered Ruth.

"Yes, I suppose they are," replied Tom. "We had better avoid speaking to them."

They could not very well avoid looking at them, however, especially as some obstruction on the pavement, at a little distance, happened to detain them where they were for a few moments. Miss Pecksniff had quite the air of having taken the unhappy Moddle captive, and brought him up to the contemplation of the furniture like a lamb to the altar. He offered no resistance, but was perfectly resigned and quiet. The melancholy depicted in the turn of his languishing head, and in his dejected attitude, was extreme; and though there was a full-sized four-post bedstead in the window, such a tear stood trembling in his eye, as seemed to blot it out.

"Augustus, my love," said Miss Pecksniff, "ask the price of the eight rosewood chairs, and the loo table."

"Perhaps they are ordered already," said Augustus. "Perhaps they are Another's."

"They can make more like them, if they are," rejoined Miss Pecksniff.

"No, no, they can't," said Moddle. "It's impossible!"

He appeared, for the moment, to be quite overwhelmed and stupified by the prospect of his approaching happiness ; but recovering, entered the shop. He returned immediately : saying in a tone of despair,

"Twenty-four pound ten !"

Miss Pecksniff, turning to receive this announcement, became conscious of the observation of Tom Pinch and his sister.

"Oh, really!" cried Miss Pecksniff, glancing about her, as if for some convenient means of sinking into the earth. "Upon my word, I—there never was such a—to think that one should be so very—Mr. Augustus Moddle : Miss Pinch !"

Miss Pecksniff was quite gracious to Miss Pinch in this triumphant introduction ; exceedingly gracious. She was more than gracious ; she was kind and cordial. Whether the recollection of the old service Tom had rendered her in knocking Mr. Jonas on the head, had wrought this change in her opinions ; or whether her separation from her parent had reconciled her to all human-kind, or to all that increasing portion of human-kind which was not friendly to him ; or whether the delight of having some new female acquaintance to whom to communicate her interesting prospects, was paramount to every other consideration ; cordial and kind Miss Pecksniff was. And twice Miss Pecksniff kissed Miss Pinch upon the cheek.

"Augustus—Mr. Pinch, you know. My dear girl!" said Miss Pecksniff, aside. "I never was so ashamed in my life."

Ruth begged her not to think of it.

"I mind your brother less than anybody else," simpered Miss Pecksniff. "But the indelicacy of meeting any gentleman under such circumstances ! Augustus, my child, did you——"

Here Miss Pecksniff whispered in his ear. The suffering Moddle repeated :

"Twenty-four pound ten !"

"Oh, you silly man ! I don't mean them," said Miss Pecksniff. "I am speaking of the——"

Here she whispered him again.

"If it's the same patterned chintz as that in the window ; thirty-two, twelve, six," said Moddle, with a sigh. "And very dear."

Miss Pecksniff stopped him from giving any further explanation by laying her hand upon his lips, and betraying a soft embarrassment. She then asked Tom Pinch which way he was going.

"I was going to see if I could find your sister," answered Tom, "to whom I wished to say a few words. We were going to Mrs. Todgers's, where I had the pleasure of seeing her, before."

"It's of no use your going on, then," said Cherry, "for we have not long left there ; and I know she is not at home. But I'll take you to my sister's house, if you please. Augustus—Mr. Moddle, I mean—and myself, are on our way to tea there, now. You needn't think of *him*," she added, nodding her head, as she observed some hesitation on Tom's part. "He is not at home."

"Are you sure?" asked Tom.

"Oh, I am quite sure of that. I don't want any *more* revenge,"

said Miss Pecksniff, expressively. "But, really, I must beg you two gentlemen to walk on, and allow me to follow with Miss Pinch. My dear, I never was so taken by surprise!"

In furtherance of this bashful arrangement, Moddle gave his arm to Tom; and Miss Pecksniff linked her own in Ruth's.

"Of course, my love," said Miss Pecksniff, "it would be useless for me to disguise, after what you have seen, that I am about to be united to the gentleman who is walking with your brother. It would be in vain to conceal it. What do you think of him? Pray, let me have your candid opinion."

Ruth intimated that, as far as she could judge, he was a very eligible swain.

"I am curious to know," said Miss Pecksniff, with loquacious frankness, "whether you have observed, or fancied, in this very short space of time, that he is of a rather melancholy turn?"

"So very short a time," Ruth pleaded.

"No, no; but don't let that interfere with your answer," returned Miss Pecksniff. "I am curious to hear what you say."

Ruth acknowledged that he had impressed her at first sight as looking "rather low."

"No, really?" said Miss Pecksniff. "Well! that is quite remarkable! Everybody says the same. Mrs. Todgers says the same; and Augustus informs me that it is quite a joke among the gentlemen in the house. Indeed, but for the positive commands I have laid upon him, I believe it would have been the occasion of loaded fire-arms being resorted to more than once. What do you think is the cause of his appearance of depression?"

Ruth thought of several things; such as his digestion, his tailor, his mother, and the like. But, hesitating to give utterance to any one of them, she refrained from expressing an opinion.

"My dear," said Miss Pecksniff; "I shouldn't wish it to be known, but I don't mind mentioning it to you, having known your brother for so many years—I refused Augustus three times. He is of a most amiable and sensitive nature; always ready to shed tears, if you look at him, which is extremely charming; and he has never recovered the effect of that cruelty. For it *was* cruel," said Miss Pecksniff, with a self-convicting candour that might have adorned the diadem of her own papa. "There is no doubt of it. I look back upon my conduct now with blushes. I always liked him. I felt that he was not to me what the crowd of young men who had made proposals had been, but something very different. Then what right had I to refuse him three times?"

"It was a severe trial of his fidelity, no doubt," said Ruth.

"My dear," returned Miss Pecksniff. "It was wrong. But such is the caprice and thoughtlessness of our sex! Let me be a warning to you. Don't try the feelings of any one who makes you an offer, as I have tried the feelings of Augustus; but if you ever feel towards a person as I really felt towards him, at the very time when I was driving him to distraction, let that feeling find expression, if that person throws himself at your feet, as Augustus Moddle did at mine. Think," said

Miss Pecksniff, "what my feelings would have been, if I had goaded him to suicide, and it had got into the papers!"

Ruth observed that she would have been full of remorse, no doubt. "Remorse!" cried Miss Pecksniff, in a sort of snug and comfortable penitence. "What my remorse is at this moment, even after making reparation by accepting him, it would be impossible to tell you! Looking back upon my giddy self, my dear, now that I am sobered down and made thoughtful, by treading on the very brink of matrimony; and contemplating myself as I was when I was like what you are now; I shudder. What is the consequence of my past conduct? Until Augustus leads me to the altar, he is not sure of me. I have blighted and withered the affections of his heart to that extent that he is not sure of me. I see that preying on his mind and feeding on his vitals. What are the reproaches of my conscience, when I see this in the man I love!"

Ruth endeavoured to express some sense of her unbounded and flattering confidence; and presumed that she was going to be married soon.

"Very soon indeed," returned Miss Pecksniff. "As soon as our house is ready. We are furnishing now as fast as we can."

In the same vein of confidence, Miss Pecksniff ran through a general inventory of the articles that were already bought, and the articles that remained to be purchased; what garments she intended to be married in, and where the ceremony was to be performed; and gave Miss Pinch, in short (as she told her), early and exclusive information on all points of interest connected with the event.

While this was going forward in the rear, Tom and Mr. Moddle walked on, arm in arm, in the front, in a state of profound silence, which Tom at last broke: after thinking for a long time what he could say that should refer to an indifferent topic, in respect of which he might rely, with some degree of certainty, on Mr. Moddle's bosom being unruffled.

"I wonder," said Tom, "that in these crowded streets, the foot-passengers are not oftener run over."

Mr. Moddle, with a dark look, replied:

"The drivers won't do it."

"Do you mean?" Tom began—

"That there are some men," interrupted Moddle, with a hollow laugh, "who can't get run over. They live a charmed life. Coal waggons recoil from them, and even cabs refuse to run them down. 'Ay!' said Augustus, marking Tom's astonishment. "There are such men. One of 'em is a friend of mine."

"Upon my word and honour," thought Tom, "this young gentleman is in a state of mind, which is very serious indeed!" Abandoning all idea of conversation, he did not venture to say another word; but he was careful to keep a tight hold upon Augustus's arm, lest he should fly into the road; and making another, and a more successful attempt, should get up a private little Juggernaut before the eyes of his betrothed. Tom was so afraid of his committing this rash act, that he had scarcely ever experienced such a mental relief as when they arrived in safety at Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit's house.

"Walk up, pray, Mr. Pinch," said Miss Pecksniff. For Tom halted, irresolutely, at the door.

"I am doubtful whether I should be welcome," replied Tom, "or, I ought rather to say, I have no doubt about it. I will send up a message, I think."

"But what nonsense that is!" returned Miss Pecksniff, speaking apart to Tom. "He is not at home, I am certain; I know he is not; and Merry hasn't the least idea that you ever——"

"No," interrupted Tom. "Nor would I have her know it, on any account. I am not so proud of that scuffle, I assure you."

"Ah, but then you are so modest, you see," returned Miss Pecksniff, with a smile. "But pray walk up. If you don't wish her to know it, and do wish to speak to her, pray walk up. Pray walk up, Miss Pinch. Don't stand here."

Tom still hesitated; for he felt that he was in an awkward position. But Cherry passing him at this juncture, and leading his sister upstairs; and the house-door being at the same time shut behind them; he followed without quite knowing whether it was well or ill-judged so to do.

"Merry, my darling!" said the fair Miss Pecksniff, opening the door of the usual sitting-room. "Here are Mr. Pinch and his sister come to see you! I thought we should find you here, Mrs. Todgers! How do you do, Mrs. Gamp? And how do you do, Mr. Chuffey, though it's of no use asking you the question, I am well aware."

Honouring each of these parties, as she severally addressed them, with an acid smile; Miss Charity presented Mr. Moddle.

"I believe you have seen *him* before," she pleasantly observed. "Augustus, my sweet child, bring me a chair."

The sweet child did as he was told; and was then about to retire into a corner to mourn in secret, when Miss Charity, calling him in an audible whisper "a little pet," gave him leave to come and sit beside her. It is to be hoped, for the general cheerfulness of mankind, that such a doleful little pet was never seen as Mr. Moddle looked when he complied. So despondent was his temper, that he showed no outward thrill of ecstasy, when Miss Pecksniff placed her lily hand in his, and concealed this mark of her favour from the vulgar gaze, by covering it with a corner of her shawl. Indeed, he was infinitely more rueful then than he had been before; and, sitting uncomfortably upright in his chair, surveyed the company with watery eyes, which seemed to say, without the aid of language, "Oh, good gracious! look here! Won't some kind Christian help me!"

But the ecstasies of Mrs. Gamp were sufficient to have furnished forth a score of young lovers; and they were chiefly awakened by the sight of Tom Pinch and his sister. Mrs. Gamp was a lady of that happy temperament which can be ecstatic without any other stimulating cause than a general desire to establish a large and profitable connection. She added daily so many strings to her bow, that she made a perfect harp of it; and upon that instrument she now began to perform an extemporaneous concerto.

"Why, goodness me!" she said. "Mrs. Chuzzlewit! To think as

I should see beneath this blessed ouse, which well I know it, Miss Pecksniff, my sweet young lady, to be a ouse as there is not a many like, worse luck and wishin' it ware not so, which then this tearful walley would be changed into a flowerin' guardian, Mr. Chuffey ; to think as I should see beneath this indiwiddle roof, identically comin', Mr. Pinch (I take the liberty, though' almost unbeknown), and do assure you of it, sir, the smiliness and sweetest face as ever, Mrs. Chuzzlewit, I see, exceptin' yourn, my dear good lady, and *your* good lady's too, sir, Mr. Moddle, if I may make so bold as speak so plain of what is plain enough to them as needn't look through millstones, Mrs. Todgers, to find out wot is wrote upon the wall behind. Which no offence is meant, ladies and gentlemen ; none bein' took, I hope. To think as I should see that smiliness and sweetest face which me and another friend of mine, took notice of among the packages down London Bridge, in this promiscuous place, is a surprize in-deed !”

Having contrived, in this happy manner, to invest every member of her audience with an individual share and immediate personal interest in her address, Mrs. Gamp dropped several curtseys to Ruth, and smilingly shaking her head a great many times, pursued the thread of her discourse :

“Now, ain't we rich in beauty this here joyful arternoon, I'm sure ! I knows a lady, which her name, I'll not deceive you, Mrs. Chuzzlewit, is Harris, her husband's brother bein' six foot three, and marked with a mad bull in Wellinton boots upon his left arm, on account of his precious mother havin' been worried by one into a shoemaker's shop, when in a sitiuation which blessed is the man as has his quiver full of sech, as many times I've said to Gamp when words has roge betwixt us on account of the expense—and often have I said to Mrs. Harris, ‘Oh, Mrs. Harris, ma'am ! your countenance is quite a angel's !’ Which, but for Pimples, it would be. ‘No, Sairey Gamp,’ says she, ‘you best of hard-working and industrious creeturs as ever was underpaid at any price, which underpaid you are, quite diff'rent. Harris had it done afore marriage at ten and six,’ she says, ‘and wore it faithful next his heart 'till the colour run, when the money was declined to be give back, and no arrangement could be come to. But he never said it was a angel's, Sairey, wotever he might have thought.’ If Mrs. Harris's husband was here now,” said Mrs. Gamp, looking round, and chuckling as she dropped a general curtsey, “he'd speak out plain, he would, and his dear wife would be the last to blame him ! For if ever a woman lived as know'd not wot it was to form a wish to pizon them as had good looks, and had no reagon give her by the best of husbands, Mrs. Harris is that ev'nly dispogician !”

With these words the worthy woman, who appeared to have dropped in to take tea as a delicate little attention, rather than to have any engagement on the premises in an official capacity, crossed to Mr. Chuffey, who was seated in the same corner as of old, and shook him by the shoulder.

“Rouge yourself, and look up ! Come !” said Mrs. Gamp. “Here's company, Mr. Chuffey.”

“I am sorry for it,” cried the old man, looking humbly round the

room. "I know I'm in the way. I ask pardon, but I've nowhere else to go to. Where is she?"

Merry went to him immediately.

"Ah!" said the old man, patting her on the cheek. "Here she is. Here she is! She's never hard on poor old Chuffey. Poor old Chuff!"

As she took her seat upon a low chair by the old man's side, and put herself within the reach of his hand, she looked up once at Tom. It was a sad look that she cast upon him, though there was a faint smile trembling on her face. It was a speaking look, and Tom knew what it said. "You see how misery has changed me. I can feel for a dependant *now*, and set some value on his attachment."

"Ay, ay!" cried Chuffey in a soothing tone. "Ay, ay, ay! Never mind him. It's hard to bear, but never mind him. He'll die one day. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year—three hundred and sixty-six in leap-year—and he may die on any one of 'em."

"You're a wearing old soul, and that's the sacred truth," said Mrs. Gamp, contemplating him from a little distance with anything but favour, as he continued to mutter to himself. "It's a pity that you don't know wot you say, for you'd tire your own patience out if you did, and fret yourself into a happy release for all as knows you."

"His son," murmured the old man lifting up his hand. "His son!"

"Well I'm sure!" said Mrs. Gamp. "You're a settlin' of it, Mr. Chuffey. To your satigefaction, Sir, I hope. But I wouldn't lay a new pincushion on it myself, Sir, though you *are* so well informed. Drat the old creetur, he's a layin' down the law tolerable confident, too! A deal he knows of sons! or darters either! Suppose you was to favor us with some remarks on twins, Sir, *would* you be so good!"

The bitter and indignant sarcasm which Mrs. Gamp conveyed into these taunts was altogether lost on the unconscious Chuffey, who appeared to be as little cognizant of their delivery as of his having given Mrs. Gamp offence. But that high-minded woman, being sensitively alive to any invasion of her professional province, and imagining that Mr. Chuffey had given utterance to some prediction on the subject of sons, which ought to have emanated in the first instance from herself as the only lawful authority, or which should at least have been on no account proclaimed without her sanction and concurrence, was not so easily appeased. She continued to sidle at Mr. Chuffey with looks of sharp hostility, and to defy him with many other ironical remarks, uttered in that low key which commonly denotes suppressed indignation; until the entrance of the tea-board, and a request from Mrs. Jonas that she would make tea at a side-table for the party that had unexpectedly assembled, restored her to herself. She smiled again, and entered on her ministration with her own particular urbanity.

"And quite a family it is to make tea for," said Mrs. Gamp; "and wot a happiness to do it! My good young 'ooman"—to the servant-girl—"p'raps somebody would like to try a new-laid egg or two, not biled too hard. Likeways, a few rounds o' buttered toast, first cuttin' off the crust, in consequence of tender teeth, and not too many of 'em;

which Gamp himself, Mrs. Chuzzlewit, at one blow, being in liquor, struck out four, two single, and two double, as was took by Mrs. Harris for a keepsake, and is carried in her pocket at this present hour, along with two cramp-bones, a bit o' ginger, and a grater like a blessed infant's shoe, in tin, with a little heel to put the nutmeg in: as many times I've seen and said, and used for caudle when required within the month."

As the privileges of the side-table; besides including the small prerogatives of sitting next the toast, and taking two cups of tea to other people's one, and always taking them at a crisis, that is to say, before putting fresh water into the teapot, and after it had been standing for some time; also comprehended a full view of the company, and an opportunity of addressing them as from a rostrum, Mrs. Gamp discharged the functions entrusted to her with extreme good-humour and affability. Sometimes, resting her saucer on the palm of her outspread hand, and supporting her elbow on the table, she stopped between her sips of tea to favour the circle with a smile, a wink, a roll of the head, or some other mark of notice; and at those periods, her countenance was lighted up with a degree of intelligence and vivacity, which it was almost impossible to separate from the benignant influence of distilled waters.

But for Mrs. Gamp, it would have been a curiously silent party. Miss Pecksniff only spoke to her Augustus, and to him in whispers. Augustus spoke to nobody, but sighed for every one, and occasionally gave himself such a sounding slap upon the forehead as would make Mrs. Todgers, who was rather nervous, start up in her chair with an involuntary exclamation. Mrs. Todgers was occupied in knitting, and seldom spoke. Poor Merry held the hand of cheerful little Ruth between her own, and listening with evident pleasure to all she said, but rarely speaking herself, sometimes smiled, and sometimes kissed her on the cheek, and sometimes turned aside to hide the tears that trembled in her eyes. Tom felt this change in her so much, and was so glad to see how tenderly Ruth dealt with her, and how she knew and answered to it, that he had not the heart to make any movement towards their departure, although he had long since given utterance to all he came to say.

The old clerk, subsiding into his usual state, remained profoundly silent, while the rest of the little assembly were thus occupied, intent upon the dreams, whatever they might be, which hardly seemed to stir the surface of his sluggish thoughts. The bent of these dull fancies combining probably with the silent feasting that was going on about him, and some struggling recollection of the last approach to revelry he had witnessed, suggested a strange question to his mind. He looked round upon a sudden, and said,

"Who's lying dead upstairs?"

"No one," said Merry turning to him. "What is the matter? We are all here."

"All here!" cried the old man, "All here! Where is he then—my old master, Mr. Chuzzlewit, who had the only son? Where is he?"

"Hush! Hush!" said Merry, speaking kindly to him. "That happened long ago. Don't you recollect?"

"Recollect!" rejoined the old man, with a cry of grief. "As if I could forget! As if I ever could forget!"

He put his hand up to his face for a moment; and then repeated, turning round exactly as before,

"Who's lying dead upstairs?"

"No one!" said Merry.

At first he gazed angrily upon her, as upon a stranger who endeavoured to deceive him; but, peering into her face, and seeing that it was indeed she, he shook his head in sorrowful compassion.

"You think not. But they don't tell you. No, no, poor thing! They don't tell you. Who are these, and why are they merry-making here, if there is no one dead? Foul play! Go see who it is!"

She made a sign to them not to speak to him, which indeed they had little inclination to do; and remained silent herself. So did he for a short time; but then he repeated the same question with an eagerness that had a peculiar terror in it.

"There's some one dead," he said, "or dying; and I want to know who it is. Go see, go see! Where's Jonas?"

"In the country," she replied.

The old man gazed at her as if he doubted what she said, or had not heard her; and, rising from his chair, walked across the room and upstairs, whispering as he went, "Foul play!" They heard his footsteps over-head, going up into that corner of the room in which the bed stood (it was there old Anthony had died); and then they heard him coming down again immediately. His fancy was not so strong or wild that it pictured to him anything in the deserted bed-chamber which was not there; for he returned much calmer, and appeared to have satisfied himself.

"They don't tell you," he said to Merry in his quavering voice, as he sat down again, and patted her upon the head. "They don't tell me either; but I'll watch, I'll watch. They shall not hurt you; don't be frightened. When you have sat up watching, I have sat up watching too. Ay, ay, I have!" he piped out, clenching his weak, shrivelled hand. "Many a night I have been ready!"

He said this with such trembling gaps and pauses in his want of breath, and said it in his jealous secrecy so closely in her ear, that little or nothing of it was understood by the visitors. But they had heard and seen enough of the old man to be disquieted, and to have left their seats and gathered about him; thereby affording Mrs. Gamp, whose professional coolness was not so easily disturbed, an eligible opportunity for concentrating the whole resources of her powerful mind and appetite upon the toast and butter, tea and eggs. She had brought them to bear upon those viands with such vigour that her face was in the highest state of inflammation, when she now (there being nothing left to eat or drink) saw fit to interpose.

"Why, highy tighty, sir!" cried Mrs. Gamp, "is these your manners? You want a pitcher of cold water throw'd over you to bring you round; that's my belief; and if you was under Betsy Prig you'd have it, too, I do assure you, Mr. Chuffey. Spanish Flies is the only thing

to draw this nonsense out of you ; and if any body wanted to do you a kindness, they'd clap a blister of 'em on your head, and put a mustard poultige on your back. Who's dead, indeed ! It wouldn't be no grievous loss if some one was, I think !"

"He's quiet now, Mrs. Gamp," said Merry. "Don't disturb him."

"Oh, bother the old wictim, Mrs. Chuzzlewit," replied that zealous lady, "I ain't no patience with him. You give him his own way too much by half. A worritin' wexagious creeter !"

No doubt with the view of carrying out the precepts she enforced, and 'bothering the old victim' in practice as well as in theory, Mrs. Gamp took him by the collar of his coat, and gave him some dozen or two of hearty shakes backward and forward in his chair ; that exercise being considered by the disciples of the Prig school of nursing (who are very numerous among professional ladies) as exceedingly conducive to repose, and highly beneficial to the performance of the nervous functions. Its effect in this instance was to render the patient so giddy and addle-headed, that he could say nothing more ; which Mrs. Gamp regarded as the triumph of her art.

"There !" she said, loosening the old man's cravat, in consequence of his being rather black in the face, after this scientific treatment. "Now, I hope, you're easy in your mind. If you should turn at all faint, we can soon rewive you, sir, I promige you. Bite a person's thumbs, or turn their fingers the wrong way," said Mrs. Gamp, smiling with the consciousness of at once imparting pleasure and instruction to her auditors, "and they comes to, wonderful, Lord bless you !"

As this excellent woman had been formally entrusted with the care of Mr. Chuffey on a previous occasion, neither Mrs. Jonas nor anybody else had the resolution to interfere directly with her mode of treatment : though all present (Tom Pinch and his sister especially) appeared to be disposed to differ from her views. For such is the rash boldness of the uninitiated, that they will frequently set up some monstrous abstract principle, such as humanity, or tenderness, or the like idle folly, in obstinate defiance of all precedent and usage ; and will even venture to maintain the same against the persons who have made the precedents and established the usage, and who must therefore be the best and most impartial judges of the subject.

"Ah, Mr. Pinch !" said Miss Pecksniff. "It all comes of this unfortunate marriage. If my sister had not been so precipitate, and had not united herself to a Wretch, there would have been no Mr. Chuffey in the house."

"Hush !" cried Tom. "She'll hear you."

"I should be very sorry if she did hear me, Mr. Pinch," said Cherry, raising her voice a little : "for it is not in my nature to add to the uneasiness of any person : far less of my own sister. I know what a sister's duties are, Mr. Pinch, and I hope I always showed it in my practice. Augustus, my dear child, find my pocket-handkerchief, and give it to me."

Augustus obeyed, and took Mrs. Todgers aside to pour his griefs into her friendly bosom.

"I am sure, Mr. Pinch," said Charity, looking after her betrothed and glancing at her sister, "that I ought to be very grateful for the blessings I enjoy, and those which are yet in store for me. When I contrast Augustus"—here she was modest and embarrassed—"who, I don't mind saying to you, is all softness, mildness, and devotion, with the detestable man who is my sister's husband; and when I think, Mr. Pinch, that in the dispensations of this world, our cases might have been reversed; I have much to be thankful for, indeed, and much to make me humble and contented."

Contented she might have been, but humble she assuredly was not. Her face and manner experienced something so widely different from humility, that Tom could not help understanding and despising the base motives that were working in her breast. He turned away, and said to Ruth, that it was time for them to go.

"I will write to your husband," said Tom to Merry, "and explain to him, as I would have done if I had met him here, that if he has sustained any inconvenience through my means, it is not my fault: a postman not being more innocent of the news he brings than I was when I handed him that letter."

"I thank you!" said Merry. "It may do some good. Heaven bless you!"

She parted tenderly from Ruth, who with her brother was in the act of leaving the room, when a key was heard in the lock of the door below, and immediately afterwards a quick footstep in the passage. Tom stopped, and looked at Merry.

It was Jonas, she said timidly.

"I had better not meet him on the stairs, perhaps," said Tom, drawing his sister's arm through his, and coming back a step or two. "I'll wait for him here a moment."

He had scarcely said it, when the door opened, and Jonas entered. His wife came forward to receive him; but he put her aside with his hand, and said in a surly tone:

"I didn't know you'd got a party."

As he looked, at the same time, either by accident or design, towards Miss Pecksniff; and as Miss Pecksniff was only too delighted to quarrel with him, she instantly resented it.

"Oh dear!" she said, rising. "Pray don't let us intrude upon your domestic happiness! That would be a pity. We have taken tea here, sir, in your absence; but if you will have the goodness to send us a note of the expense, receipted, we shall be happy to pay it. Augustus, my love, we will go, if you please. Mrs. Todgers, unless you wish to remain here, we shall be happy to take you with us. It would be a pity, indeed, to spoil the bliss which this gentleman always brings with him: especially into his own home."

"Charity! Charity!" remonstrated her sister, in such a heartfelt tone that she might have been imploring her to show the cardinal virtue whose name she bore.

"Merry, my dear, I am much obliged to you for your advice," returned Miss Pecksniff, with a stately scorn: by the way, she had not been offered any: "but *I* am not his slave——"

"No, nor wouldn't have been if you could," interrupted Jonas. "We know all about it."

"What did you say, sir?" cried Miss Pecksniff, sharply.

"Didn't you hear?" retorted Jonas, lounging down upon a chair. "I am not a-going to say it again. If you like to stay, you may stay. If you like to go, you may go. But if you stay, please to be civil."

"Beast!" cried Miss Pecksniff, sweeping past him. "Augustus! He is beneath your notice!" Augustus had been making some faint and sickly demonstration of shaking his fist. "Come away, child," screamed Miss Pecksniff, "I command you!"

The scream was elicited from her by Augustus manifesting an intention to return and grapple with him. But Miss Pecksniff giving the fiery youth a pull, and Mrs. Todgers giving him a push, they all three tumbled out of the room together, to the music of Miss Pecksniff's shrill remonstrances.

All this time, Jonas had seen nothing of Tom and his sister; for they were almost behind the door when he opened it, and he had sat down with his back towards them, and had purposely kept his eyes upon the opposite side of the street during his altercation with Miss Pecksniff, in order that his seeming carelessness might increase the exasperation of that wronged young damsel. His wife now faltered out that Tom had been waiting to see him; and Tom advanced.

The instant he presented himself, Jonas leaped up from his chair, and swearing a great oath, caught it in his grasp, as if he would have felled Tom to the ground with it. As he most unquestionably would have done, but that his very passion and surprise made him irresolute, and gave Tom, in his calmness, an opportunity of being heard.

"You have no cause to be violent, sir," said Tom. "Though what I wish to say relates to your own affairs, I know nothing of them, and desire to know nothing of them."

Jonas was too enraged to speak. He held the door open; and stamping his foot upon the ground, motioned Tom away.

"As you cannot suppose," said Tom, "that I am here, with any view of conciliating you or pleasing myself, I am quite indifferent to your reception of me, or your dismissal of me. Hear what I have to say, if you are not a madman. I gave you a letter the other day, when you were about to go abroad."

"You Thief, you did!" retorted Jonas. "I'll pay you for the carriage of it one day, and settle an old score besides. I will."

"Tut, tut," said Tom, "you needn't waste foul words or idle threats. I wish you to understand; plainly because I would rather keep clear of you and everything that concerns you: not because I have the least apprehension of your doing me any injury: which would be weak indeed; that I am no party to the contents of that letter. That I know nothing of it. That I was not even aware that it was to be delivered to you; and that I had it from——"

"By the Lord!" cried Jonas, fiercely catching up the chair, "I'll knock your brains out, if you speak another word."

Tom, nevertheless, persisting in his intention, and opening his lips to speak again, Jonas set upon him like a savage; and in the quickness

and ferocity of his attack would have surely done him some grievous injury, defenceless as he was, and embarrassed by having his frightened sister clinging to his arm, if Merry had not run between them, crying to Tom for the love of Heaven to leave the house. The agony of this poor creature, the terror of his sister, the impossibility of making himself audible, and the equal impossibility of bearing up against Mrs. Gamp, who threw herself upon him like a feather-bed, and forced him backwards down the stairs by the mere oppression of her dead-weight, prevailed. Tom shook the dust of that house off his feet, without having mentioned Nadgett's name.

If the name could have passed his lips ; if Jonas, in the insolence of his vile nature, had never roused him to do that old act of manliness, for which (and not for his last offence) he hated him with such malignity ; if Jonas could have learned, as then he could and would have learned, through Tom's means, what unsuspected spy there was upon him ; he would have been saved from the commission of a Guilty Deed, then drawing on towards its black accomplishment. But the fatality was of his own working ; the pit was of his own digging ; the gloom that gathered round him, was the shadow of his own life.

His wife had closed the door, and thrown herself before it, on the ground, upon her knees. She held up her hands to him now, and besought him not to be harsh with her, for she had interposed in fear of bloodshed.

"So, so !" said Jonas, looking down upon her, as he fetched his breath. "These are your friends, are they, when I am away? You plot and tamper with this sort of people, do you?"

"No, indeed! I have no knowledge of these secrets, and no clue to their meaning. I have never seen him since I left home but once—but twice—before to-day."

"Oh!" sneered Jonas, catching at this correction. "But once, but twice, eh? Which do you mean? Twice and once, perhaps. Three times! How many more, you lying jade?"

As he made an angry motion with his hand, she shrunk down hastily. A suggestive action! Full of a cruel truth!

"How many more times?" he repeated.

"No more. The other morning, and to-day, and once besides."

He was about to retort upon her, when the clock struck. He started, stopped, and listened: appearing to revert to some engagement, or to some other subject, a secret within his own breast, recalled to him by this record of the progress of the hours.

"Don't lie there. Get up!"

Having helped her to rise, or rather hauled her up by the arm, he went on to say:

"Listen to me, young lady; and don't whine when you have no occasion, or I may make some for you. If I find him in my house again, or find that you have seen him in anybody else's house, you'll repent it. If you are not deaf and dumb to everything that concerns me, unless you have my leave to hear and speak, you'll repent it. If you don't obey exactly what I order, you'll repent it. Now, attend. What's the time?"

"It struck Eight a minute ago."

He looked towards her intently; and said, with a laboured distinctness, as if he had got the words off by heart:

"I have been travelling day and night, and am tired. I have lost some money, and that don't improve me. Put my supper in the little off-room below, and have the truckle-bed made. I shall sleep there to-night, and maybe to-morrow night; and if I can sleep all day to-morrow, so much the better, for I've got trouble to sleep off, if I can. Keep the house quiet, and don't call me. Mind! Don't call me. Don't let anybody call me. Let me lie there."

She said it should be done. Was that all?

"What! you must be prying and questioning?" he angrily retorted.

"What more do you want to know?"

"I want to know nothing, Jonas, but what you tell me. All hope of confidence between us, has long deserted me."

"Ecod, I should hope so!" he muttered.

"But if you will tell me what you wish, I will be obedient, and will try to please you. I make no merit of that, for I have no friend in my father or my sister, but am quite alone. I am very humble and submissive. You told me you would break my spirit, and you have done so. Do not break my heart too!"

She ventured, as she said these words, to lay her hand upon his shoulder. He suffered it to rest there, in his exultation; and the whole mean, abject, sordid, pitiful soul of the man, looked at her, for the moment, through his wicked eyes.

For the moment only: for, with the same hurried return to something within himself, he bade her, in a surly tone, show her obedience by executing his commands without delay. When she had withdrawn, he paced up and down the room several times; but always with his right hand clenched, as if it held something; which it did not, being empty. When he was tired of this, he threw himself into a chair, and thoughtfully turned up the sleeve of his right arm, as if he were rather musing about its strength than examining it; but even then, he kept the hand clenched.

He was brooding in this chair, with his eyes cast down upon the ground, when Mrs. Gamp came in to tell him that the little room was ready. Not being quite sure of her reception after interfering in the quarrel, Mrs. Gamp, as a means of interesting and propitiating her patron, affected a deep solicitude in Mr. Chuffey.

"How is he now, sir?" she said.

"Who?" cried Jonas, raising his head, and staring at her.

"To be sure?" returned the matron with a smile and a curtsey.

"What am I a thinking of! You wasn't here, sir, when he was took so strange. I never see a poor dear creetur took so strange in all my life, except a patient much about the same age, as I once nussed, which his calling was the custom-'us, and his name was Mrs. Harris's own father, as pleasant a singer, Mr. Chuzzlewit, as ever you heerd, with a voice like a Jew's-harp in the bass notes, that it took six men to hold at sech times, foaming frightful."

"Chuffey, eh?" said Jonas carelessly, seeing that she went up to the old clerk, and looked at him. "Ha!"

"The creetur's head's so hot," said Mrs. Gamp, "that you might eat a flat-iron at it. And no wonder, I am sure, considerin' the things he said!"

"Said!" cried Jonas. "What did he say?"

Mrs. Gamp laid her hand upon her heart, to put some check upon its palpitations, and turning up her eyes replied in a faint voice:

"The awfulest things, Mr. Chuzzlewit, as ever I heerd! Which Mrs. Harris's father never spoke a word when took so, some does and some don't, except sayin' when he come round, 'Where is Sairey Gamp?' But raly, sir, when Mr. Chuffey comes to ask who's lyin' dead upstairs, and——"

"Who's lying dead up-stairs!" repeated Jonas, standing aghast.

Mrs. Gamp nodded, made as if she were swallowing, and went on.

"Who's lying dead up stairs; sech was his Bible language; and where was Mr. Chuzzlewit as had the only son; and when he goes up stairs a looking in the beds and wandering about the rooms, and comes down again a whisperin' softly to his-self about foul play and that; it give me sich a turn, I don't deny it, Mr. Chuzzlewit, that I never could have kep myself up but for a little drain o' spirits, which I seldom touches, but could always wish to know where to find, if so dispoged, never knowin' wot may happen next, the world bein' so uncertain."

"Why, the old fool's mad!" cried Jonas, much disturbed.

"That's my opinion, sir," said Mrs. Gamp, "and I will not deceive you. I believe as Mr. Chuffey, sir, rekwiress attention (if I may make so bold), and should not have his liberty to wex and worrit your sweet lady as he does."

"Why, who minds what he says?" retorted Jonas.

"Still he is worritin' sir," said Mrs. Gamp. "No one don't mind him, but he *is* a ill convenience."

"Ecod you're right," said Jonas, looking doubtfully at the subject of this conversation. "I have half a mind to shut him up."

Mrs. Gamp rubbed her hands, and smiled, and shook her head, and sniffed expressively, as scenting a job.

"Could you—could you take care of such an idiot, now, in some spare room up stairs?" asked Jonas.

"Me and a friend of mine, one off, one on, could do it, Mr. Chuzzlewit," replied the nurse; "our charges not bein' high, but wishin' they was lower, and allowance made considerin' not strangers. Me and Betsey Prig, sir, would undertake Mr. Chuffey, reasonable," said Mrs. Gamp, looking at him with her head on one side, as if he had been a piece of goods, for which she was driving a bargain; "and give every satigefaction. Betsey Prig has nussed a many lunacies, and well she knows their ways, which puttin' 'em right close afore the fire, when fractious, is the certainest and most compoging."

While Mrs. Gamp discoursed to this effect, Jonas was walking up and down the room again: glancing covertly at the old clerk, as he did so. He now made a stop, and said:

"I must look after him, I suppose, or I may have him doing some mischief. What say you?"

"Nothin' more likely!" Mrs. Gamp replied. "As well I have experienced, I do assure you, sir."

"Well! Look after him, for the present, and—let me see—three days from this time let the other woman come here, and we'll see if

we can make a bargain of it. About nine or ten o'clock at night, say. Keep your eye upon him in the meanwhile, and don't talk about it. He's as mad as a March hare !”

“Madder !” cried Mrs. Gamp. “A deal madder !”

“See to him, then ; take care that he does no harm ; and recollect what I have told you.”

Leaving Mrs. Gamp in the act of repeating all she had been told, and of producing in support of her memory and trustworthiness, many commendations selected from among the most remarkable opinions of the celebrated Mrs. Harris, he descended to the little room prepared for him, and pulling off his coat and his boots, put them outside the door before he locked it. In locking it, he was careful so to adjust the key, as to baffle any curious person who might try to peep in through the keyhole ; and when he had taken these precautions, he sat down to his supper.

“Mr. Chuff,” he muttered, “it'll be pretty easy to be even with *you*. It's of no use doing things by halves, and as long as I stop here, I'll take good care of you. When I am off, you may say what you please. But it's a d—d strange thing,” he added, pushing away his untouched plate, and striding moodily to and fro, “that his drivellings should have taken this turn just now.”

After pacing the little room from end to end several times, he sat down in another chair.

“I say just now, but for anything I know, he may have been carrying on the same game all along. Old dog ! He shall be gagged !”

He paced the room again in the same restless and unsteady way ; and then sat down upon the bedstead, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking at the table. When he had looked at it for a long time, he remembered his supper ; and resuming the chair he had first occupied, began to eat with great rapacity : not like a hungry man, but as if he were determined to do it. He drank too, roundly ; sometimes stopping in the middle of a draught to walk, and change his seat and walk again, and dart back to the table and fall to, in a ravenous hurry, as before.

It was now growing dark. As the gloom of evening, deepening into night, came on, another dark shade emerging from within him seemed to overspread his face, and slowly change it. Slowly, slowly ; darker and darker ; more and more haggard ; creeping over him by little and little ; until it was black night within him and without.

The room in which he had shut himself up, was on the ground-floor, at the back of the house. It was lighted by a dirty skylight, and had a door in the wall, opening into a narrow covered passage or blind-alley, very little frequented after five or six o'clock in the evening, and not in much use as a thoroughfare at any hour. But it had an outlet in a neighbouring street.

The ground on which this chamber stood, had, at one time, not within his recollection, been a yard ; and had been converted to its present purpose, for use as an office. But the occasion for it, died with the man who built it ; and saving that it had sometimes served as an apology for a spare bed-room, and that the old clerk had once held it (but that was years ago) as his recognised apartment ; it had been

little troubled by Anthony Chuzzlewit and Son. It was a blotched, stained, mouldering room, like a vault ; and there were water-pipes running through it, which at unexpected times in the night, when other things were quiet, clicked and gurgled suddenly, as if they were choking.

The door into the court had not been opened for a long, long time ; but the key had always hung in one place, and there it hung now. He was prepared for its being rusty ; for he had a little bottle of oil in his pocket and the feather of a pen, with which he lubricated the key, and the lock too, carefully. All this while he had been without his coat, and had nothing on his feet but his stockings. He now got softly into bed, in the same state, and tossed from side to side to tumble it. In his restless condition, that was easily done.

When he arose, he took from his portmanteau, which he had caused to be carried into that place when he came home, a pair of clumsy shoes, and put them on his feet ; also a pair of leather leggings, such as countrymen are used to wear, with straps to fasten them to the waist-band ; in which he dressed himself at leisure. Lastly, he took out a common frock of coarse dark jean, which he drew over his own under-clothing ; and a felt hat—he had purposely left his own upstairs. He then sat down by the door, with the key in his hand : waiting.

He had no light ; the time was dreary, long, and awful. The ringers were practising in a neighbouring church, and the clashing of the bells was almost maddening. Curse the clamouring bells, they seemed to know that he was listening at the door, and to proclaim it in a crowd of voices to all the town. Would they never be still ?

They ceased at last ; and then the silence was so new and terrible that it seemed the prelude to some dreadful noise. Footsteps in the court ! Two men. He fell back from the door on tiptoe, as if they could have seen him through its wooden panels.

They passed on, talking (he could make out) about a skeleton which had been dug up yesterday, in some work of excavation near at hand, and was supposed to be that of a murdered man. "So murder is not always found out, you see," they said to one another as they turned the corner.

Hush !

He put the key into the lock, and turned it. The door resisted for a while, but soon came stiffly open : mingling with the sense of fever in his mouth, a taste of rust, and dust, and earth, and rotting wood. He looked out ; passed out ; locked it after him.

All was clear and quiet, as he fled away.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONCLUSION OF THE ENTERPRISE OF MR. JONAS AND HIS FRIEND.

DID no men passing through the dim streets shrink without knowing why, when he came stealing up behind them ? As he glided on, had no child in its sleep an indistinct perception of a guilty shadow falling on its bed, that troubled its innocent rest ? Did no dog howl, and strive to break its rattling chain, that it might tear him ; no burrowing rat,

scenting the work he had in hand, essay to gnaw a passage after him, that it might hold a greedy revel at the feast of his providing? When he looked back, across his shoulder, was it to see if his quick footsteps still fell dry upon the dusty pavement, or were already moist and clogged with the red mire that stained the naked feet of Cain!

He shaped his course for the main western road, and soon reached it: riding a part of the way, then alighting and walking on again. He travelled for a considerable distance upon the roof of a stage-coach, which came up while he was a-foot; and when it turned out of his road, bribed the driver of a return post-chaise to take him on with him; and then made across the country at a run, and saved a mile or two before he struck again into the road. At last, as his plan was, he came up with a certain lumbering, slow, night-coach, which stopped wherever it could, and was stopping then at a public-house, while the guard and coachman ate and drank within.

He bargained for a seat outside this coach, and took it. And he quitted it no more until it was within a few miles of its destination, but occupied the same place all night.

All night! It is a common fancy that nature seems to sleep by night. It is a false fancy, as who should know better than he?

The fishes slumbered in the cold, bright, glistening streams and rivers, perhaps; and the birds roosted on the branches of the trees; and in their stalls and pastures beasts were quiet; and human creatures slept. But what of that, when the solemn night was watching, when it never winked, when its darkness watched no less than its light! The stately trees, the moon, and shining stars, the softly stirring wind, the over-shadowed lane, the broad, bright country-side, they all kept watch. There was not a blade of growing grass or corn, but watched; and the quieter it was, the more intent and fixed its watch upon him seemed to be.

And yet he slept. Riding on among these sentinels of God, he slept, and did not change the purpose of his journey. If he forgot it in his troubled dreams, it came up steadily, and woke him. But it never woke him to remorse, or to abandonment of his design.

He dreamed at one time that he was lying calmly in his bed, thinking of a moonlight night and the noise of wheels, when the old clerk put his head in at the door, and beckoned him. At this signal he rose immediately: being already dressed, in the clothes he actually wore at that time: and accompanied him into a strange city, where the names of the streets were written on the walls in characters quite new to him; which gave him no surprise or uneasiness, for he remembered in his dream to have been there before. Although these streets were very precipitous, insomuch that to get from one to another, it was necessary to descend great heights by ladders that were too short, and ropes that moved deep bells, and swung and swayed as they were clung to, the danger gave him little emotion beyond the first thrill of terror; his anxieties being concentrated on his dress, which was quite unfitted for some festival that was about to be holden there, and in which he had come to take a part. Already, great crowds began to fill the streets, and in one direction myriads of people came rushing down an interminable perspective strewing flowers and making way for others on white horses, when a

terrible figure started from the throng, and cried out that it was the Last Day for all the world. The cry being spread, there was a wild hurrying on to Judgment; and the press became so great that he and his companion (who was constantly changing, and was never the same man two minutes together, though he never saw one man come or another go), stood aside in a porch, fearfully surveying the multitude; in which there were many faces that he knew, and many that he did not know, but dreamed he did; when all at once a struggling head rose up among the rest—livid and deadly, but the same as he had known it—and denounced him as having appointed that direful day to happen. They closed together. As he strove to free the hand in which he held a club, and strike the blow he had so often thought of, he started to the knowledge of his waking purpose and the rising of the sun.

The sun was welcome to him. There were life, and motion, and a world astir, to divide the attention of Day. It was the eye of Night: of wakeful, watchful, silent, and attentive Night, with so much leisure for the observation of his wicked thoughts: that he dreaded most. There is no glare in the night. Even Glory shews to small advantage in the night, upon a crowded battle-field. How then shows Glory's blood-relation, bastard Murder!

Ay! He made no compromise, and held no secret with himself now. Murder! He had come to do it.

"Let me get down here," he said.

"Short of the town, eh?" observed the coachman.

"I may get down where I please, I suppose."

"You got up to please yourself, and may get down to please yourself. It won't break our hearts to lose you, and it wouldn't have broken 'em if we'd never found you. Be a little quicker. That's all."

The guard had alighted, and was waiting in the road to take his money. In the jealousy and distrust of what he contemplated, he thought this man looked at him with more than common curiosity.

"What are you staring at?" said Jonas.

"Not at a handsome man," returned the guard. "If you want your fortune told, I'll tell you a bit of it. You won't be drowned. That's a consolation for you."

Before he could retort, or turn away, the coachman put an end to the dialogue by giving him a cut with his whip, and bidding him get out for a surly dog. The guard jumped up to his seat at the same moment, and they drove off, laughing; leaving him to stand in the road, and shake his fist at them. He was not displeased though, on second thoughts, to have been taken for an ill-conditioned common country fellow; but rather congratulated himself upon it as a proof that he was well disguised.

Wandering into a copse by the road-side—but not in that place: two or three miles off—he tore out from a fence a thick, hard, knotted stake; and, sitting down beneath a hay-rick, spent some time in shaping it, in peeling off the bark, and fashioning its jagged head, with his knife.

The day passed on. Noon, afternoon, evening. Sunset.

At that serene and peaceful time two men, riding in a gig, came out of the city by a road not much frequented. It was the day on which

Mr. Pecksniff had agreed to dine with Montague. He had kept his appointment, and was now going home. His host was riding with him for a short distance ; meaning to return by a pleasant track, which Mr. Pecksniff had engaged to show him, through some fields. Jonas knew their plans. He had hung about the Inn-yard while they were at dinner, and had heard their orders given.

They were loud and merry in their conversation, and might have been heard at some distance : far above the sound of their carriage wheels or horse's hoofs. They came on noisily, to where a stile and footpath indicated their point of separation. Here they stopped.

"It's too soon. Much too soon," said Mr. Pecksniff. "But this is the place, my dear sir. Keep the path, and go straight through the little wood you'll come to. The path is narrower there, but you can't miss it. When shall I see you again? Soon, I hope?"

"I hope so," replied Montague.

"Good-night!"

"Good-night. And a pleasant ride!"

So long as Mr. Pecksniff was in sight, and turned his head, at intervals, to salute him, Montague stood in the road smiling, and waving his hand. But when his new partner had disappeared, and this show was no longer necessary, he sat down on the stile with looks so altered, that he might have grown ten years older in the meantime.

He was flushed with wine, but not gay. His scheme had succeeded, but he shewed no triumph. The effort of sustaining his difficult part before his late companion, had fatigued him, perhaps, or it may be, that the evening whispered to his conscience, or it may be (as it *has* been) that a shadowy veil was dropping round him, closing out all thoughts but the presentiment and vague foreknowledge of impending doom.

If there be fluids, as we know there are, which, conscious of a coming wind, or rain, or frost, will shrink and strive to hide themselves in their glass arteries ; may not that subtle liquor of the blood perceive by properties within itself, that hands are raised to waste and spill it ; and in the veins of men run cold and dull as his did, in that hour !

So cold, although the air was warm : so dull, although the sky was bright : that he rose up shivering, from his seat, and hastily resumed his walk. He checked himself as hastily : undecided whether to pursue the footpath which was lonely and retired, or to go back by the road.

He took the footpath.

The glory of the departing sun was on his face. The music of the birds was in his ears. Sweet wild flowers bloomed about him. Thatched roofs of poor men's homes were in the distance ; and an old grey spire surmounted by a cross, rose up between him and the coming night.

He had never read the lesson which these things conveyed ; he had ever mocked and turned away from it ; but before going down into a hollow place, he looked round once upon the evening prospect sorrowfully. Then he went down, down, down, into the dell.

It brought him to the wood ; a close, thick, shadowy wood, through which the path went winding on, dwindling away into a slender sheep-

track. He paused before entering ; for the stillness of this spot almost daunted him.

The last rays of the sun were shining in, aslant, making a path of golden light along the stems and branches in its range, which even as he looked began to die away : yielding gently to the twilight that came creeping on. It was so very quiet that the soft and stealthy moss about the trunks of some old trees, seemed to have grown out of the silence, and to be its proper offspring. Those other trees which were subdued by blasts of wind in winter time, had not quite tumbled down, but being caught by others, lay all bare and scathed across their leafy arms, as if unwilling to disturb the general repose by the crash of their fall. Vistas of silence opened everywhere, into the heart and innermost recesses of the wood : beginning with the likeness of an aisle, a cloister, or a ruin open to the sky ; then tangling off into a deep green rustling mystery, through which gnarled trunks, and twisted boughs, and ivy-covered stems, and trembling leaves, and bark-stripped bodies of old trees stretched out at length, were faintly seen in beautiful confusion.

As the sunlight died away, and evening fell upon the wood, he entered it. Moving here and there a bramble or a drooping bough which stretched across his path, he slowly disappeared. At intervals a narrow opening showed him passing on, or the sharp cracking of some tender branch denoted where he went : then he was seen or heard no more.

Never more beheld by mortal eye or heard by mortal ear : one man excepted. That man, parting the leaves and branches on the other side, near where the path emerged again, came leaping out soon afterwards.

What had he left within the wood, that he sprang out of it, as if it were a hell !

The body of a murdered man. In one thick solitary spot, it lay among the last year's leaves of oak and beech, just as it had fallen headlong down. Sopping and soaking in among the leaves that formed its pillow ; oozing down into the boggy ground, as if to cover itself from human sight ; forcing its way between and through the curling leaves, as if those senseless things rejected and foreswore it, and were coiled up in abhorrence ; went a dark, dark stain that dyed and scented the whole summer night from earth to heaven.

The doer of this deed came leaping from the wood so fiercely, that he cast into the air a shower of fragments of young boughs, torn away in his passage, and fell with violence upon the grass. But he quickly gained his feet again, and keeping underneath a hedge with his body bent, went running on towards the road. The road once reached, he fell into a rapid walk, and set on towards London.

And he was not sorry for what he had done. He was frightened when he thought of it—when did he not think of it !—but he was not sorry. He had had a terror and dread of the wood when he was in it ; but being out of it, and having committed the crime, his fears were now diverted, strangely, to the dark room he had left shut up at home. He had a greater horror, infinitely greater, of that room than of the wood. Now that he was on his return to it, it seemed beyond comparison more dismal and more dreadful than the wood. His hideous secret was shut

up in the room, and all its terrors were there ; to his thinking it was not in the wood at all.

He walked on for ten miles ; and then stopped at an alehouse for a coach, which he knew would pass through, on its way to London, before long ; and which he also knew was not the coach he had travelled down by, for it came from another place. He sat down outside the door here, on a bench, beside a man who was smoking his pipe. Having called for some beer, and drunk, himself, he offered it to this companion, who thanked him, and took a draught. He could not help thinking that, if the man had known all, he might scarcely have relished drinking out of the same cup with him.

"A fine night, master !" said this person. "And a rare sunset."

"I didn't see it," was his hasty answer.

"Didn't see it ?" returned the man.

"How the devil could I see it, if I was asleep ?"

"Asleep ! Ay, ay." The man appeared surprised by his unexpected irritability, and saying no more, smoked his pipe in silence. They had not sat very long, when there was a knocking within.

"What's that ?" cried Jonas.

"Can't say, I'm sure," replied the man.

He made no further inquiry, for the last question had escaped him, in spite of himself. But he was thinking, at the moment, of the closed-up room ; of the possibility of their knocking at the door on some special occasion ; of their being alarmed at receiving no answer ; of their bursting it open ; of their finding the room empty ; of their fastening the door into the court, and rendering it impossible for him to get into the house without shewing himself in the garb he wore ; which would lead to rumour, rumour to detection, detection to death. At that instant, as if by some design and order of circumstances, the knocking had come.

It still continued ; like a warning echo of the dread reality he had conjured up. As he could not sit and hear it, he paid for his beer and walked on again. And having slunk about, in places unknown to him, all day ; and being out at night, in a lonely road, in an unusual dress, and in that wandering and unsettled frame of mind ; he stopped more than once to look about him, hoping he might be in a dream.

Still he was not sorry. No. He had hated the man too much, and had been bent, too desperately and too long, on setting himself free. If the thing could have come over again, he would have done it again. His malignant and revengeful passions were not so easily laid. There was no more penitence or remorse within him now, than there had been while the deed was brewing.

Dread and fear were upon him. To an extent he had never counted on, and could not manage in the least degree. He was so horribly afraid of that infernal room at home. This made him, in a gloomy, murderous, mad way, not only fearful *for* himself but *of* himself ; for being, as it were, a part of the room : a something supposed to be there, yet missing from it : he invested himself with its mysterious terrors ; and when he pictured in his mind the ugly chamber, false and quiet, false and quiet, through the dark hours of two nights ; and the

tumbled bed, and he not in it, though believed to be ; he became in a manner his own ghost and phantom, and was at once the haunting spirit and the haunted man.

When the coach came up, which it soon did, he got a place outside, and was carried briskly onward towards home. Now, in taking his seat among the people behind, who were chiefly country people, he conceived a fear that they knew of the murder, and would tell him that the body had been found ; which, considering the time and place of the commission of the crime, were events almost impossible to have happened yet, as he very well knew. But, although he did know it, and had therefore no reason to regard their ignorance as anything but the natural sequence to the facts, still this very ignorance of theirs encouraged him. So far encouraged him, that he began to believe the body never would be found, and began to speculate on that probability. Setting off from this point ; and measuring time by the rapid hurry of his guilty thoughts, and what had gone before the bloodshed, and the troops of incoherent and disordered images, of which he was the constant prey ; he came by daylight to regard the murder as an old murder, and to think himself comparatively safe, because it had not been discovered yet. Yet ! When the sun which looked into the wood, and gilded with its rising light a dead man's face, had seen that man alive, and sought to win him to one thought of Heaven, on its going down last night !

But here were London streets again. Hush !

It was but five o'clock. He had time enough to reach his own house unobserved, and before there were many people in the streets ; if nothing had happened so far, tending to his discovery. He slipped down from the coach without troubling the driver to stop his horses : and hurrying across the road, and in and out of every by-way that lay near his course, at length approached his own dwelling. He used additional caution in his immediate neighbourhood, halting first to look all down the street before him ; then gliding swiftly through that one, and stopping to survey the next ; and so on.

The passage-way was empty when his murderer's face looked into it. He stole on to the door on tiptoe, as if he dreaded to disturb his own imaginary rest.

He listened. Not a sound. As he turned the key with a trembling hand, and pushed the door softly open with his knee, a monstrous fear beset his mind.

What if the murdered man were there before him !

He cast a fearful glance all round. But there was nothing there.

He went in, locked the door, drew the key through and through the dust and damp in the fire-place to sully it again, and hung it up as of old. He took off his disguise, tied it up in a bundle ready for carrying away and sinking in the river before night, and locked it up in a cupboard. These precautions taken, he undressed, and went to bed.

The raging thirst, the fire that burnt within him, as he lay beneath the clothes ; the augmented horror of the room, when they shut it out from his view ; the agony of listening, in which he paid enforced regard to every sound, and thought the most unlikely one the prelude to that knocking which should bring the news ; the starts with which he left

his couch, and looking in the glass, imagined that his deed was broadly written in his face; and lying down and burying himself once more beneath the blankets, heard his own heart beating Murder, Murder, Murder, in the bed. What words can paint tremendous truths like these!

The morning advanced. There were footsteps in the house. He heard the blinds drawn up, and shutters opened; and now and then a stealthy tread outside his own door. He tried to call out more than once, but his mouth was dry as if it had been filled with burning sand. At last he sat up in his bed, and cried,

"Who's there!"

It was his wife.

He asked her what it was o'clock. Nine.

"Did—did no one knock at my door, yesterday?" he faltered. "Something disturbed me; but unless you had knocked the door down, you would have got no notice from me."

"No one," she replied. That was well. He had waited, almost breathless, for her answer. It was a relief to him, if anything could be.

"Mr. Nadgett wanted to see you," she said, "but I told him you were tired, and had requested not to be disturbed. He said it was of little consequence, and went away. As I was opening my window, to let in the cool air, I saw him passing through the street this morning, very early; but he hasn't been again."

Passing through the street that morning. Very early! Jonas trembled at the thought of having had a narrow chance of seeing him himself: even him, who had no object but to avoid people, and sneak on unobserved, and keep his own secrets: and who saw nothing.

He called to her to get his breakfast ready, and prepared to go up stairs: attiring himself in the clothes he had taken off when he came into that room, which had been ever since outside the door. In his secret dread of meeting the household for the first time, after what he had done, he lingered at the door on slight pretexts that they might see him without looking in his face; and left it ajar while he dressed; and called out to have the windows opened, and the pavement watered, that they might become accustomed to his voice. Even when he had put off the time, by one means or other, so that he had seen or spoken to them all, he could not muster courage for a long while to go in among them, but stood at his own door listening to the murmur of their distant conversation.

He could not stop there for ever, and so joined them. His last glance at the glass had seen a tell-tale face, but that might have been because of his anxious looking in it. He dared not look at them to see if they observed him, but he thought them very silent.

And whatsoever guard he kept upon himself, he could not help listening, and showing that he listened. Whether he attended to their talk, or tried to think of other things, or talked himself, or held his peace, or resolutely counted the dull tickings of a hoarse clock at his back, he always lapsed, as if a spell were on him, into eager listening: for he knew it must come, and his present punishment, and torture, and distraction, was, to listen for its coming.

Hush!

PUBLIC OPINION.

"PUBLIC OPINION" is a tribunal whose verdict is, in all cases, considered as final, and whose will is regarded as a *veto*. It is the highest court among human institutions, from which none can appeal. The numerical extent, and the disinterestedness and impartiality of its jury, are at all times "*quantum sufficit*" to attach to its findings the most weighty importance. Public men, public speculations, public changes, and public operations, of every possible description, must meet with a favourable verdict at this court, or all success must be utterly excluded. Whatever may be the seeming phase of superiority which any individual project may possess—whatever may be the decision of personal critique, unless "*public opinion*" pronounce a judgment in its favour, we may take it for granted that its *prima facie* superiority is deserving of a designation altogether the opposite. And on the other hand, when we find a public man, or the operations of a public man, backed by the mighty arm of this powerful giant, we may safely infer that the puny and dwarfish opposition of *individual denunciation* is at essential fault. When we discover a public offer of any description whatsoever, that has stood the test of this fiery ordeal, there is no reason to doubt that it is *sterling metal*.

E. MOSES AND SON

have, in common with all other public men, been arraigned before this high court of adjudication. They themselves have been the subjects of examination and cross-examination—they have been placed in juxtaposition with other competitors for public approbation—their offers in trade have been subjected to the closest scrutiny—the Argus-eyes of *public opinion*, with their hundred-fold power of detection, have been riveted upon them—their productions in trade have been committed to the furnace. And what is the result? Favourable, beyond all precedent! Their offers are proved to be golden offers—the rigid scrutiny has terminated in a decision that they are without fault, and, in a word, the tribunal of Public Opinion has honoured them with an emphatical verdict in their favour, and has agreed that their speculations are such as must totally eclipse all minor pretensions to public approbation.

E. MOSES & SON, fully aware of the importance of public examination, have ever consulted the most approved plans in the formation of gentlemen's attire; and they flatter themselves that such endeavours have ended in a combination of the various improvements which have been introduced into the fabrication of costume.

The tailor's art may be employed in the attainment of various points. Elegance, fashion, utility, and economy are cardinal features, which cannot be overlooked without some attendant injury both to the buyer and the seller. These are points to which E. MOSES & SON have devoted their constant attention: and public opinion has declared an almost unanimous judgment that they have fully succeeded in their attainment.

THE SPRING STOCK

to which they again call the notice of their readers, may with truth be pronounced as the "*chef d'œuvre*" of all former offers. That peculiar grace and fashionable elegance which so eminently distinguishes the *élite* of Parisian circles, has been made a prominent characteristic in

2 *E. Moses & Son, Tailors, Woollen Drapers, & Outfitters.*

the present spring costumes, of which E. MOSES & SON are the proprietors. The

BLOUSES AND SUMMER COATS

which met with such universal approval last year, are presented with a variety of additional improvements, to be met with at no other house in the world : and from the charges affixed, it will be seen that elegant and serviceable as these garments are, they are placed within the reach of every individual. Gentlemen are requested to make an inspection of the

DRESS AND FROCK COATS

which the proprietors have now on hand. In these articles will be found the elegance of fit and general grace so desirable in a gentleman's summer costume. The

SPRING AND SUMMER VESTS

at this Establishment are too various to admit of anything like an adequate conception. The choicest mixtures and shades which the loom ever produced are here displayed, and the novelty of their styles will be found, on inspection, to be without rival. The proprietors would also state that they have an immense assortment of

SUMMER TROUSERS,

of various patterns: and they would draw especial attention to the fashionable descriptions of *fancy Cassimeres* and *Doeskins* by which their trousers rank alone in novelty and elegance.

BOYS' CLOTHING


is equally recommended for the above essential particulars, and those who may favour E. MOSES and SON with their purchases, will find that in so doing they will be realising incalculable advantages.

E. MOSES AND SON,

Tailors, Drapers, and Outfitters,

154, Minories, and 86, Aldgate,

CITY (OPPOSITE THE CHURCH).

 The Price of every article is marked in Plain Figures, from which no abatement can be made. Any article, not approved of, exchanged ; or, if preferred, *the money returned.*

PLEASE TO OBSERVE.—The new Spring Books are now in circulation, and may be had on application, gratis and postage free.

N.B. This Establishment closes at Sunset on Friday Evening, resuming business after Sunset Saturday Evening until Twelve o'clock.

OBSERVE THE CAUTION!—E. MOSES AND SON are obliged to guard the Public against Imposition, having learned that the *un-tradesman-like falsehood* of being connected with *them*, or “it’s the same concern,” has been resorted to in many instances, and for *obvious reasons*. They have **NO CONNEXION** with any other house, and those who desire *genuine and cheap* Clothing should (to prevent disappointment, &c.) call at, or send to 154, Minories, or 86, Aldgate, City, London.

BESPOKE DEPARTMENT.**DRESS COATS.**

Super	1 12 0
Saxony	2 2 0
Imperial, usually called "best"	2 10 0
First and Best	2 15 0

FROCK COATS.

Superfine Frock Coat ..	1 12 0
Saxony ditto	2 2 0
Imperial ditto	2 10 0
Imperial Super Frock	2 15 0
Extra Imperial Saxony Best Manufactured ..	3 3 0

SPRING & OVER COATS.

Cashmerette Taglioni's and Codringtons, } Silk Collar and Cuffs	1 5 0
Cashmerette Codrington, lined through- out, with Silk Cuffs and Facings	1 10 0
Superior Tweeds, Silk Collar and Cuffs ..	1 0 0
Ditto Light Zephyrs, ditto	1 5 0
Waterproof ditto, Velvet Collar & Cuffs ..	1 10 0

TROUSERS.

Doeskin	0 10 0
Superior ditto	0 16 0
Ditto best Quality	1 1 0
Cassimere ditto	0 15 0
Ditto Best Black dress	1 6 0
Dress Linen Drill Trousers	0 9 0
Elegant Patterns in Single Does	0 14 0
Cotton Cord breeches	0 8 0
Woollen ditto ditto	0 14 6
Cassimere, any color	0 15 0
Best ditto	1 2 0
Cassimere Gaiters	0 7 0

WAISTCOATS.

Rich Washing Satins, warranted to retain } their colour	0 9 6
Splendid Summer Vests	0 7 0
Ditto, three for	1 0 0
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Plain Cloth Cloak	from 1 3 0
Opera ditto	1 15 0
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Waterproof Camlets, &c. &c., proportionably low.	

**Russians, or Fur Coats,
From £2 2s.****LADIES' RIDING HABITS.**

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Extra do. do. do.	4 10 0

BOYS' CLOTHES.

Hussar Suit	1 8 0
Ditto superior quality ..	1 15 0
Tunic Suit, handsomely braided ..	1 10 0
Do. superior quality, faced with Silk ..	1 18 0

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Two Suits Best Wool-dyed West of England ..	8 0 0
Three ditto ditto	12 0 0
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Two Suits any colour	6 10 0
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Shooting Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c.	1 6 0
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Very Best do. Manufactured	2 5 0

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Coachman's Plain Great Coat	2 6 0
Superior Quality	2 18 0
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Stable Suits	from 0 18 0
Round Waiting Jacket	0 5 0
Ditto do. Coatees	0 11 6

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Goods not approved of may be exchanged, or (if preferred) the money will be returned without any objection.



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Jean, Holland, Grand Drill, Diagonal, &c. from	0 2 3
Ditto superior quality	0 3 6
Very best ditto	0 4 6
Superior Light Coat	0 11 6
Victoria ditto, expressly manufactured for them	0 5 6
York Wrapper	0 7 6
Ditto, a superior article, Silk Collar and Cuffs	0 9 6
Ditto ditto, lined throughout	0 11 6
Cashmerette Cloth Coat, a very light article, Velvet Collar and Cuffs	0 16 0
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Boys' Spring Coats in all the above patterns.

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Ditto a better quality, Indigo dye	0 15 0
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Ditto in every variety in plain and mixed Beavers with Velvet Collars, Cuffs, &c.	0 18 0
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(MEN.)

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Flannel Linsey Jackets	0 2 7
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Moleskin ditto	0 5 6

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Fustian Trousers	from 0 1 10
Beaverteen ditto	0 3 0
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Superior ditto	0 5 6
Cloth-finished ditto, a better looking article	0 6 6
Plain and Fancy Cantoan ditto	0 5 0
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An endless variety of Plain and Fancy Winter and Summer Trousers, which defy description	0 5 0

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Ditto, a superior quality	1 1 0
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Ditto, a superior quality	1 1 0

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Camlet, lined	from 0 6 0
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SPORTING COATS, at 8s. 12s. 15s. & 25s.

IMPORTANT!—The Price of every Article is marked in plain figures, from which no abatement can be made.

Observe.—E. MOSES & SON, 154, Minories, and 86, Aldgate London.

DRESS COATS.

Dress Coat	from 1 0 0
Extra ditto	1 8 0
Extra Superfine, a most superior coat	1 15 0

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Capital Frock	from 1 4 0
Extra Fine	1 12 0
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Black Cloth	from 0 9 0
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Superior ditto	0 14 0
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Taglioni	from 0 6 0
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Jean Jackets	from 0 2 3
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Cord ditto	0 3 6
Cloth ditto	0 8 6

SUITS.

Moleskin Suits	from 0 3 9
Cord ditto	0 4 0
Geneva Twill Cord do.	0 5 6
Do. Hussar do. Jacket, Vest and Trousers	0 9 0

TROUSERS.

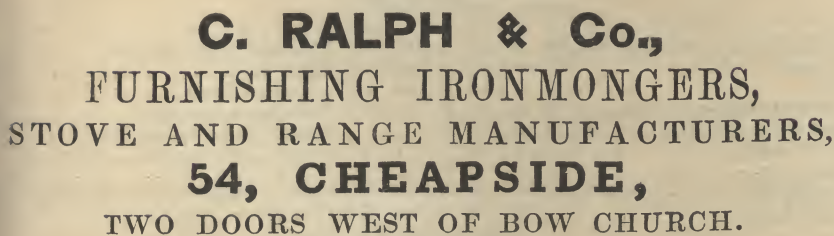
Fustian Trousers	from 0 1 3
Ditto, lined	0 2 0
Cord ditto	0 2 9
Fancy ditto, in endless variety	0 3 6
Cloth ditto, lined	0 8 0
Cloth and Figured Woollen	0 6 6

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A Suit of Mourning, Coat, Vest, & Trousers	1 16 0
Super do. do.	2 2 0
Best do. do.	2 12 0
Boys' do. do.	1 1 0
Do. Superior Quality	1 6 0

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THE PATENT VESTA, OR CAMPHINE LAMP.

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A great variety of **Solar and other Oil Lamps.**

Palmer's Candle Lamps, for any degree of Light, and suitable for every purpose.

BERLIN, OR NICKEL SILVER.

Such improvements have lately been made in the manufacture of this Metal [quite a distinction from German Silver or British Plate] that it can now be confidently recommended as the best substitute for SILVER ever introduced; it possesses all the brilliancy and whiteness, and more than the durability and hardness of that metal, and being the same throughout, can be engraved SILVER, from which it cannot be distinguished.

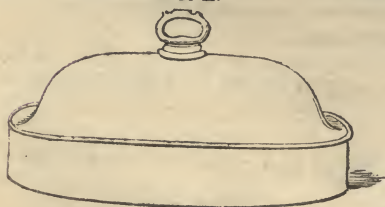
	Fiddle pattern.	Thread pattern.	King's pattern.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.
Table Spoons or Forks, per doz.	.22 0	24 0	30 0	Fish Knife, Ivory Handle 8
Dessert do.	18 0	20 0	25 0	Butter Knife 3
Tea do.	10 0	12 0	14 0	Asparagus Tongs 10
Mustard, Salt, or Egg	9 0	10 0	12 0	Knife Rests, per pair 3
Gravy each	4 0	5 6		Toast Racks, a variety from 8
Soup Ladle.	8 0	8 6	11 6	Teapots, an Elegant Assortment, from 25
Sauce do.	1 6	2 0	2 6	Table Candlesticks [per pair] from 18
Fish Knife	6 0	8 6	10 6	Chamber do. complete [each] from 10
Sugar Tongs	1 6	2 0	2 6	

CORNICE POLES.

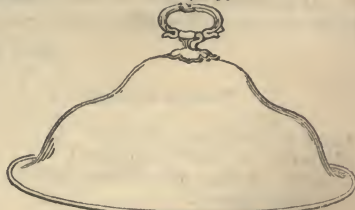
	Inches in diameter	1½	1¾	2	2½
Very strong, all Brass Lackered. per foot	1s. 4d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 9d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 4d.
Cornice Poles fitted with Ornamental Ends, Rings, Hooks, 3ft.		3ft. 6in.	4ft.	4ft. 6in.	
Bracket and Screws complete	10s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	15s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	

DISH COVERS.

No. 2.



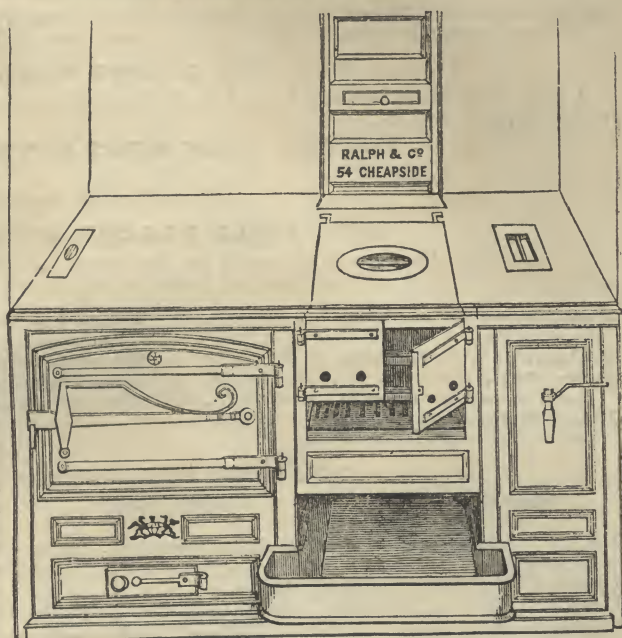
No. 5.



	Inches..	9	10	11	12	14	16	18
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
No 2.—Patent Imperial, Tops raised in one piece	2	0	2 3	2 6	2 9	3 6	4 0	
3.—Ditto ditto, stronger quality	2	6	3 0	3 6	4 6	5 6	6 9	9 3
4.—Ditto strongest and best made.	3	0	4 0	4 6	5 6	7 0	9 0	12 0
5.—Silver pattern, one entire piece			4 6	5 6	6 0	7 6	9 6	12 6
6.—Ditto New pattern, Fluted ditto			6 6	7 6	8 6	10 6	12 6	14 6

IMPROVED COOKING APPARATUS.

In bringing this Apparatus into public notice, C. RALPH & Co. can confidently recommend it as the most simple and complete ever introduced. The various operations of ROASTING, BAKING, BOILING, STEWING, STEAMING, and BROILING are performed at the same time, with economy, cleanliness, and dispatch, with any description of fuel; it also forms an excellent ironing stove. The objection to Ranges with enclosed fires is obviated in this, by opening the doors in front and the sliding register at the top, the smoke then passes up the chimney as in the usual open fire Range; it has only ONE Flue; is a certain cure for a smoky chimney, and with the directions sent can be fixed by any Bricklayer in the country.



Prices.—To fit an opening 3 feet 6 inches, £8; 4 feet, £10; 4 feet 6 inches, £12.

BATHS

In consequence of the great demand for all descriptions of Baths, RALPH & Co. have been induced to pay particular attention to that department of their trade; they therefore beg the inspection of their Stock, which will be found to contain every variety, with all the recent improvements.

Shower Bath with Brass force pump, Brass pillar and conducting pipes, Japanned Oak, with Rings and Curtains complete, 60s. to 95s.

Albert Bath, combining the Hip and Shower Bath; the best that can be made, 105s.

Portable Shower Bath with Brass Valve, Rings and Curtains complete, from 16s. to 21s.

Hip Bath, Japanned Oak; from 21s. to 26s.

Open Baths. 2ft. 10in. long, 21s.; 3ft. 4in. long, 25s.; 3ft. 7in. long, 32s.; 4ft. 2in. long 38s.; 4ft. 9in. long 50s.

Sponge Bath, Japanned Oak, from 14s. to 25s.

Vapour or Medicated Bath, with portable Copper Furnace, Pipes, Pillars, and Curtains complete, £5 10s.

Universal Bath, on Castors, with Copper Furnace and Pipe attached, by which the water can be heated in 35 minutes, Japanned Marble, from £7 7s.; these can also be fitted with a Shower Bath and Pump.

Travelling or Camp Shower Bath. This Bath having a cistern capable of holding two pails of water, with Copper Pump and Pipes, Rings and Curtains, packed in a Japanned Case, 26in. by 14in., complete £5 5s.

TEA TRAYS AND JAPANNED GOODS.

The stock of Paper and Japanned Tea Trays and Waiters, embraces every variety of shape and style, and at greatly reduced prices.

TABLE CUTLERY.

Every Knife and Fork warranted Steel, and exchanged if not found good.

3½ Inch Octagon, Ivory Handles	11 6
3½ Inch Octagon, Ivory Handles to balance	12 6
3½ " Waterloo, Shoulders do.	16 6
4 " Octagon Handles do.	22 0
4 " " Waterloo shoulder do.	26 0
4 " " Finest Ivory	30 0
White Bone, Octagon Handles	11 4
Black Bone, Rivetted Handles	7 0

Table Knives	Table Forks	Dessert Knives	Dessert Forks	Carver
£ Doz.	£ Doz.	£ Doz.	£ Doz.	Pair.
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
11 6	5 9	9 6	4 9	4 3
12 6	6 3	10 6	5 3	4 6
16 6	8 3	11 6	5 9	5 6
22 0	11 0	16 0	8 0	7 6
26 0	13 0	18 0	9 0	8 0
30 0	15 0	25 0	12 6	10 0
11 4	5 8	9 4	4 8	3 6
7 0	3 6	6 0	3 0	3 3

FENDERS AND FIRE-IRONS.

An extensive stock of Bronzed, Steel, or Ormolu Fenders at prices as low as at any house in London.
A BOLD BRONZE FENDER, WITH STEEL BAR AND BRONZE STANDARDS COMPLETE, 22s.

TEA AND COFFEE URNS.

A great variety of London made Tea and Coffee Urns of the best quality and newest pattern, at reduced prices, from £2.

PATENT WIRE MEAT COVERS.

Inches..... 10 11 12 14 16 18
1s.9d. 2s.0d. 2s.6d. 3s.0d. 3s.6d. 4s.6d.

SHEFFIELD PLATED GOODS.

C. RALPH & Co. being *Agents* for one of the first houses in *Sheffield* are enabled to supply articles with silver edges and mountings, and finished in the best style at the Manufacturer's prices.

Bottle Jacks, Japanned from 9s., Brass do. from 10s. 6d.

Corkscrews 6d. to 2s., Patent 3s. 6d.

Coffee Mills, square 3s. 6d., 4s., 4s. 6d. Flanch do. to screw up 4s.6d., 5s.6d., 6s.6d.

Finger Plates.—A large assortment in China, Lackered, Bronze, and Japanned.

Nursery Lamp, with Kettle and Earthen Pan complete 5s.

Wire Rushlight Shade 1s. 9d. 2s.

Servant's Lantern 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d.

Weighing Machines, with Weights complete from 20s.

KITCHEN FURNITURE.

Small Set.

	s.	d.
1 Bottle Jack complete..	9	0
1 Dripping Pan.....	2	6
1 Stand for do.	2	0
1 Basting Ladle	1	3
1 Block Tin Butter Sauce- pan	1	6
3 Iron Saucepans	8	0
1 Iron Boiling Pot	7	6
1 Fish Kettle	6	6
1 Slice.....	0	10
1 Meat Chopper	1	9
1 Deep Tin Candlestick..	1	6
1 Candle Box.....	0	10
1 Cinder Sifter	0	9
1 Colander.....	1	2
1 Dust Pan	0	9
1 Flour Box	0	9
1 Frying Pan.....	2	0
1 Gridiron	1	6
1 Teapot and Japanned Tray.....	7	6
1 Tea Kettle	5	6
1 Set of Skewers	0	4
3 Knives and Forks	2	8
3 Iron Spoons	0	9
1 Toasting Fork	0	4
1 Mustard Pot	1	0
1 Salt Cellar	1	0
1 Pepper Box	0	6
2 Flat Irons	2	6
1 Japanned Coal Scuttle.	2	6
£3 16 8		

Middle Set.

	s.	d.
1 Bottle Jack complete..	10	0
1 Dripping Pan with Well.	4	0
1 Stand for do.	2	6
1 Basting Ladle	1	3
2 Block Tin Saucepans ..	3	6
3 Iron do.	9	0
1 Iron Boiling Pot	9	6
1 Iron Stewpan	3	0
1 Fish Kettle	8	6
1 Slice	1	0
1 Meat Chopper	1	9
1 Pair Brass Candlesticks.	4	0
1 Deep Tin do.	1	6
1 Candle Box	1	4
1 Cinder Sifter.....	1	0
1 Colander	1	6
1 Dust Pan	1	2
1 Flour Box.....	0	9
1 Frying Pan	2	6
1 Gridiron	1	10
1 Teapot & Japanned Tray	9	0
1 Tea Kettle	6	6
1 Set of Skewers	0	6
3 Knives and Forks	2	8
3 Iron Spoons	0	9
1 Toasting Fork	0	6
1 Mustard Pot.....	1	0
1 Salt Cellar.....	1	0
1 Pepper Box	0	6
2 Flat Irons	3	0
1 Coffee Mill	3	6
1 Japanned Coal Scuttle..	3	6

£5 2 0

Large Set.

	s.	d.
1 Bottle Jack complete..	10	6
1 Bottle Jack Screen....	21	0
1 Basting Ladle.....	1	6
3 Block Tin Saucepans ..	6	0
4 Iron Saucepans	12	0
1 Improved Potatoe Alembic.....	5	6
1 Large Iron Boiling Pot	10	6
2 Iron Stewpans	6	0
2 Fish Kettles	14	6
1 Slice.....	1	3
1 Meat Chopper	2	0
1 Mincing Knife	1	6
1 Bread Grater	1	0
1 Pair Brass Candlesticks	5	0
2 Deep Tin do.	3	0
1 Pair Bellows	2	6
1 Candle Box.....	1	4
1 Coal Shovel	2	6
1 Cinder Sifter	1	0
1 Colander	1	9
1 Dust Pan	1	4
1 Flour Box	1	0
2 Frying Pans	4	3
1 Gridiron, Fluted Bars..	3	6
1 Teapot & Japanned Tray	9	0
1 Tea Kettle	7	6
2 Sets Skewers	0	10
6 Knives and Forks ...	5	3
6 Iron Spoons	1	6
1 Toasting Fork.....	0	6
2 Jelly Moulds	6	0
1 Mustard Pot	1	3
1 Salt Cellar	1	0
1 Pepper Box	0	6
1 Wicker Plate Basket lined with Tin	7	6
3 Flat Irons	4	0
1 Coffee Mill	4	0
1 Japanned Coal Scoop.	4	0

£9 2 7

"LA SYLPHIDE" PARASOL.

BY
HER MAJESTY'S

ROYAL LETTERS
PATENT.



W. & J. SANGSTER

Beg respectfully to inform the Public, that they have obtained
Her Majesty's Letters Patent for a New

PARASOL,

CALLED

"LA SYLPHIDE,"



WHICH MAY BE CLOSED INSTANTANEOUSLY, WITHOUT MOVING EITHER HAND.

The utility and simplicity of this Invention, it is expected, will cause it to be generally adopted, in preference to the inconvenient method of closing Parasols hitherto in use. The extensive orders already received for "La Sylphide," have enabled the PATENTEES to submit it to the Public without any additional charge.

A large assortment of Parasols of other descriptions from Five shillings upwards, either for the carriage or promenade.

W. and J. S. also beg to call the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to their large collection of RIDING and WALKING CANES, comprising every known variety, with Mountings of the newest and most elegant styles;

Also, to their Assortment
of

Ricardos,

Riding Whips,

Coursing Canes,

Hunting Whips,

&c. &c.



Their Stock of
DRIVING WHIPS,

COMPRISES

Hollys, Yews,

Thorns,

&c. &c.,

Selected expressly for
their House by

Messrs. SKINNERS.

A large collection of LADIES' RIDING WHIPS, of superior design, from 5s. to Five Guineas each.

They respectfully invite an inspection of their selection of SILK UMBRELLAS, particularly those at a Guinea, which, for durability and lightness, have been generally approved of.

W. & J. SANGSTER,

Manufacturers, by Appointment, to H.R.H. Prince Albert,

140, REGENT STREET.

INVENTOR OF
THE PATENT
CASTELLATED TOOTH
BRUSHES,
9d. each, Silver wire.

MECHI,
No. 4, LEADENHALL STREET,
LONDON,

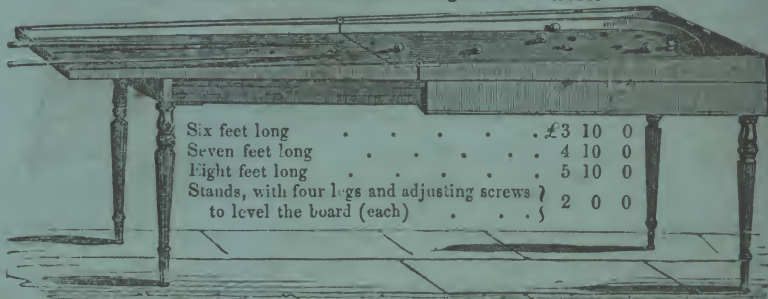
INVENTOR OF THE
TWENTY-FIVE SHILLING
MECHAN DRESSING CASE
THE MOST PORTABLE
EVER INVENTED.

Pleas to call the attention of his Customers and the Public to his superb Stock of

**PAPIER MACHÉ GOODS,
AND AN INFINITE VARIETY OF ARTICLES SUITED FOR
PRESENTATION,**

OF WHICH A CATALOGUE MAY BE HAD GRATIS.

Mechi's Cushioned Bagatelle Table.



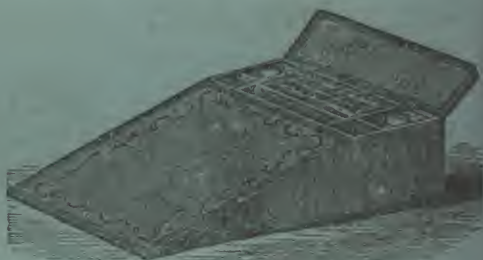
Six feet long	£3 10 0
Seven feet long	4 10 0
Eight feet long	5 10 0
Stands, with four legs and adjusting screws to level the board (each)	2 0 0

PACKING-CASES FOR THE ABOVE CHARGED ACCORDING TO SIZE.

**Small Billiard Tables and Bagatelle Tables, with Slate Bottoms and
India Rubber Cushions, for Public Rooms.**



LADY'S WORK-BOX, WITH FITTINGS.



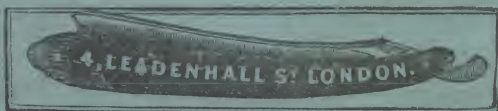
LADY'S WRITING-DESK, WITH FITTINGS.



GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-CASE, COMPLETE.



TRAVELLING WRITING-CASE AND COVER
Some of these are combined with a Dressing-C



MECHI'S SUPERIOR CUTLERY.



Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.